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CHATTY LETTERS FROM EAST AND WEST

A. H. WYLIE

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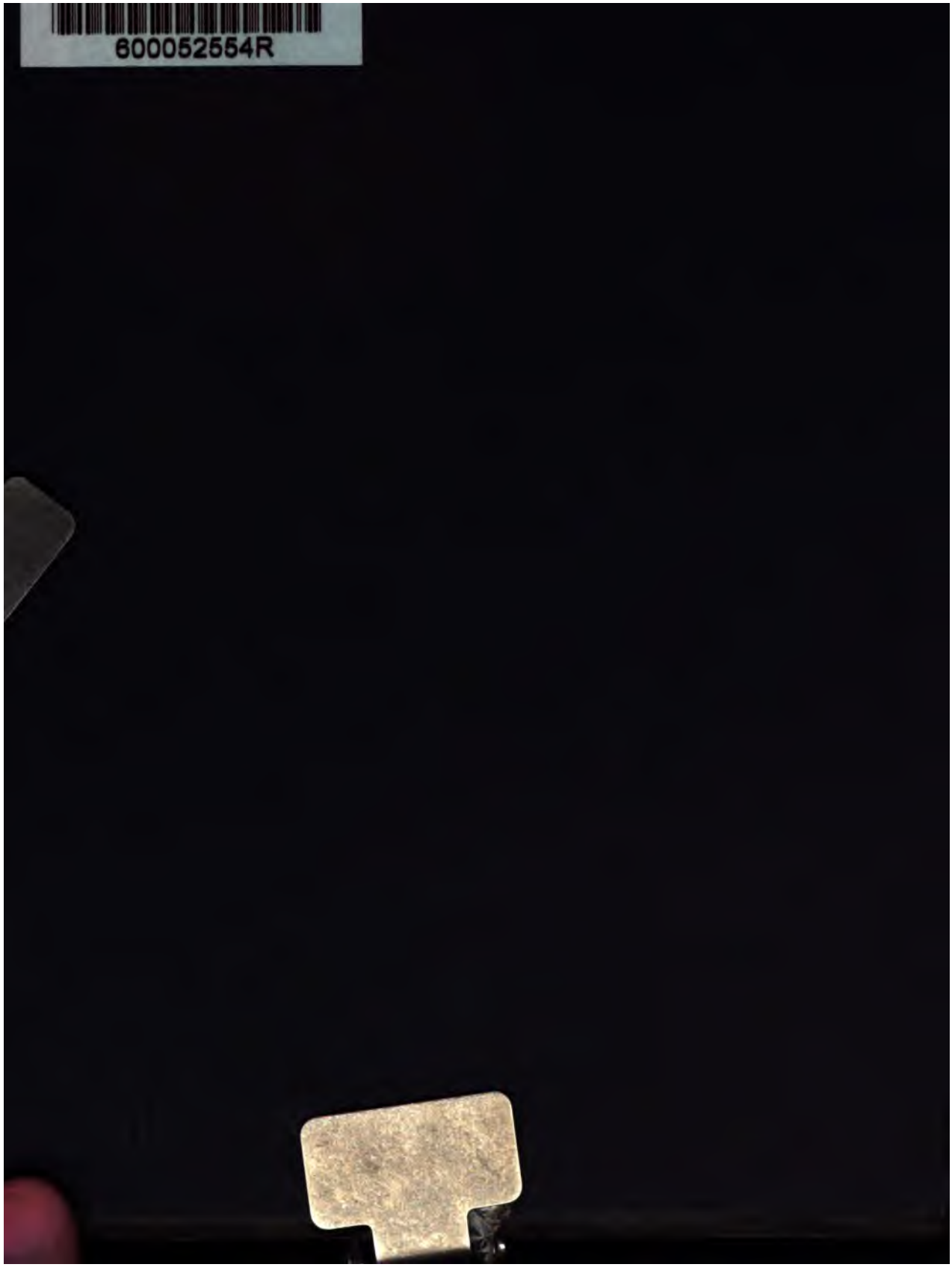

CHATTY LETTERS FROM THE EAST AND WEST.

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By A. H. WYLIE.

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By A. H. WYLIE.

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1879.

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203. e. 560

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PREFACE.

"Some said, 'John, print it;'
Some said, 'Not so;'
Some said, 'It might do good;'
Others said, 'No.'

I HAVE taken the advice of the *first* "Some," and trust that the following Letters, as they are submitted with diffidence, may be received with indulgence. They were written home (often hurriedly) during a "tour round the world," and have no pretensions to literary merit. Nevertheless, having been asked by partial friends to publish them, I not unwillingly consented; for after all—

"'Tis pleasant, sure,
To see one's name in print.
A book's a book,
Although there's nothing in't."

I therefore give these letters much as I wrote them, and all that I can say is—

"What is writ is writ:
Would it were worthier!"

A. H. WYLIE.

January, 1879.

North Pole
ARCTIC
OCEAN
EUROPE
ASIA
Arctic Circle
Obi
Japan
Sea of Japan
Tropic of Cancer
Arabia
Bombay
Bengal
China
Philippine Is.
Marshall Is.
Gilbert Is.
Madras
Ceylon
C. Comorin
Caroline Is.
Celebes Sea
Borneo
Gilolo
Equator
Java
Sea
INDIAN
OCEAN
Zanzibar
Seychelle Is.
Chagos Is.
Ellice Is.
Solomon Is.
Samoa or Navigator Is.
Fiji Is.
Friendly Is.
New Hebrides
Loyalty Is.
New Caledonia
Norfolk I.
Keeling I.
Antananarivo
Mauritius
Bourbon
C. St. Mary
Port Natal
Amsterdam
St. Paul
AUSTRALIA
Perth
C. Leeuwin
Swan R.
Port Jackson
New Ireland
Solomon Is.
C. Londonderry
Flinders I.
Torres Str.
York
Tasmania
Hobart Town
Macquarie I.
Kerguelen
Mc Donald Is.
Prince Edwards I.
Crozet Is.
New Zealand
Marion I.
Auckland Is.
Campbell I.
Antipodes I.
Adelaide Land
Victoria Land
Graham Land
Antarctic Circle
ANTARCTIC OCEAN
South Pole
PACIFIC OCEAN
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN

LETTER No. I.

LONDON TO MADRAS.

16th October to 23rd November, 1876.

" Ye gentlemen of England,
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas."

MARTIN PARKER.

MADRAS,
Thursday, Nov. 23rd, 1876.

SALAAM,

I FEEL sure—so exacting are friends—that though we only landed this morning and the mail goes out in a few hours, you will expect a letter from me. Nor can I forget how in my infant school-days my governess assured you that she was certain I should not as years matured my prodigious powers "disappoint my friends." Rather, therefore, than allow the ghost of a false prediction to trouble her rest—*sit terra levis!*—I sit down, and in spite of the crow that is reconnoitring my room from the window-sill, and the "very-nice-first-class-Trichinopoly-jewellery" man in persuasive discussion with my servant outside the door—in spite of the temptation to sally forth and explore the city—will try to give you some idea of the voyage out.

I am not going to tell you, as some travellers do, how I got on board and said good-bye, and how pathetic and sentimental it all was. For I embarked in a very common-place way, and my servant had arranged everything for me in a most comfortable manner, and my friends who came to see me off were neither melting nor poetical. On the contrary, we parted in laughter, and over my own good spirits—for was not the "Viceroy" a first-class vessel, the sun shining and all the world before me?—the half-

comic pathos of the farewells of others shed, I regret to say, a side-light of humour. Is anything more absurdly exasperating, more ludicrously harrowing, than to have said "good-bye" in earnest, to have poured out all the heart in a last, *very* last, farewell, and then to have the friend turn up again? And many had to go through this excruciating ordeal, for, after having parted in tears and prayers, they leaned over the side to have one more lingering look at the beloved face, and there was the friend in altercation with an extortionate boatman, the result being, in one case at any rate, the lingering look resolving itself into an exchange of sympathetic ejaculations over the preposterous demand, and the friends parting in the midst of a promiscuous conversation as to experiences of over-charges and irrelevant comparisons as to boats in general! The cruel humour of the incident infected my reflections, and so it was that, as I have confessed above, I saw in the leave-takings around much to amuse me, in spite of all that there was to sadden. But the business of settling down in one's cabin soon drives dull Care away, from the features at any rate, and next morning the faces at breakfast gave every promise of a pleasant voyage. I was personally very fortunate, for, besides my cabin having been so comfortably furnished, I had at table a charming companion. You may consider this a small matter, but when you have been to India you will discover your error; for the greater part of the day on a voyage is taken up with meals, and it is therefore of the first importance that you should be happily placed. My neighbour was going to rejoin her husband in a far-away corner of the Madras Presidency, and being one of those who go through the world with "the eyes of the understanding" open, had much to tell of her dull little Indian home. Besides, so very small and so very round is this

world of ours, that we discovered several mutual friends, and therefore found subjects for pleasant chat under the awnings. What a delightful title for any one gifted with a happy pen that would be, "Under the Awnings," for a series of nautico-comical essays! For dull though a boardship life may be to many, there is much in it that only wants clever telling to be made of very pleasant interest. I could not do it if I tried, but if it be true, as some great writer said, that "to choose your title is to have half written your book," I have contributed my share to the essays of the future.

Our voyage was an uneventful one. I am not going to tell you of the passage down the Channel—for it is very much the same in a steamer as in a yacht—nor of the horrors (we did not experience) in the Bay of Biscay, nor of the orange groves of Portugal, which we did not see, nor of the Mediterranean, "the azure sea," which looks as green as other water when it is fine, and as grey when it is not, nor of the Nautilus spreading its tiny sail to the breeze and manning its yards, for not a single Nautilus did we hail. It was cruel, perhaps, but I believe our experiences were of the usual character.

The dreadful Bay was about as rough as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens; Portugal might have been mistaken for Arabia Petræa, so rocky did it look, were it not for its frequent lighthouses and cliff-crowning monasteries. We sighted Trafalgar on the anniversary of the famous fight—and that was something to have done—and Gibraltar is always a sight to have seen. At first I was grievously disappointed, for I expected to see stupendous piles of masonry bristling with guns and surrounded by all the pomp and pageantry befitting the splendid old Rock, but after a while the conviction came over me that it was better as it was, so grim, so unpretentious, so English in its

breadth and depth, its sober expression of a strength that is based on mighty foundations. And as we passed the inoffensive-looking rock, I could not help thinking that it would be as well to do nothing to provoke it; for I knew it to be honeycombed with batteries, and that at the first insult it would burst out in a hundred Etnas, with shot and shell for cinders, and a lava stream of grape and shrapnel. Here we enjoyed a gorgeous sunset, an extravaganza of colour such as Ruskin would have delighted to analyze, pointing out the "harmonies" of bright blue and brilliant yellow, but it was something beyond words to describe or paint-brush to depict, for where could the artist have such colours mixed, or such a canvas stretched! Besides, if any one did try to represent it faithfully, he would be hooted for his "unnatural" production. The colouring was certainly not "in good taste," I speak as a mere human being, but it was superb, it was divine.

Of Malta I remember only its windmills. I had thought of seeing Maltese lace and Maltese dogs, but the windmills were a surprise. However, there are worse things than windmills. My next memory is of Port Said, that strange bit of land snatched from the desert, and which the desert is for ever trying to reclaim. The streets are ankle-deep in sand, and when a strong wind blows, the people in the suburbs find their front doors banked up many feet deep. It is a curious place altogether, with its cosmopolitan people, its strong general flavour of French and garlic, its midday siesta, when no one will attend to any business but sleeping, when the post-office is shut and the consuls all "gone to bed," and the old Turk who sells "curiosities" bolts his door, and the garçon at the Café Alcazar goes to sleep with all his flies about him, when the Hôtel du Louvre really doesn't seem to care whether you go in

or stop away, and not even the vulture boatmen take an interest in passengers. But the nap lasts only an hour or so, and then the absurd place wakes up. The boatman wakes up to take a passenger ashore, and this wakes the guide, who takes you to the café, and this wakes up the waiter, and he wakes up the flies, and at the flies the dogs soon wake, and there is Port Said all itself again. And somehow I enjoyed my short visit to this "no man's land" kind of place. At the hotel we got an excellent dinner, and at the Café d'Alcazar heard some indifferent music from some French ladies on violins. On our arrival they played "God save the Queen," and I fancy this delicate compliment to nationality must pay very well. At any rate it did on this occasion. Then we went to visit the Turk, and wasted money on his curiosities, and so after a saunter back through the sandy streets past numerous cafés, with their green tables set out before them, and the entire population enjoying themselves and their eau sucrée thereat, past many clamorous beggars, more clamorous donkey-men—"This first-class ass, sir," "This ass Dr. Kenealy, sir; first-class ass"—and most clamorous boatmen, back to our ship again. Coaling was going on, and comfort, even patience, was therefore impossible. To try to sleep during this process would be to convict yourself of idiotcy, so you lie down in your berth to die. But somehow the morning comes and you are still alive, and a great blank in the memory makes you suspect that sleep in its great mercy did come to you. But there is a hideous dream of insufferable heat and insufferable noise lingering about your brain, and then comes the steward with tea to remind you that your duties to society must recommence; and of them all, I can just now think of none more preposterous and more hateful than that of having to arouse yourself in the early morning—it *seems* at the time the middle of the night—to receive a cup of

bad tea and a scrap of flabby toast. I endured this ceremony only once in the Red Sea, for sleep was too precious to be wasted in such a wanton fashion, and the steward, warned of serious personal consequences if he awaked me again for such a miserable purpose, never offered me tea and toast at such an unnatural time.

The day after leaving Port Said we encountered a most violent dust-storm, an unusual phenomenon in the Canal, and a tedious one, for it kept us at our moorings for the rest of the day, and all night of course—no traffic being permitted then—we had to remain there. Even now I can remember the stifling heat of that day and night, and at the very memory of it I seem to gasp for breath. The "Viceroy," being a large ship, some 3000 tons, pays about 1100*l.* per trip through the Canal.

Ismailia I can recall for its welcome verdure, and of the Khedive's palace I have some faint recollection; and then came the Bitter Lakes, where, if the weather were propitious and the company well selected, I can imagine "in the season," a week's canoeing, with a gun handy, would be enjoyable enough. A Frenchman on board told me that every year parties of sportsmen went out and made large bags. But then some Frenchmen have vague ideas about "Le Sport," and perhaps the gentlemen in question shoot sandpipers and pelicans.

Suez lies on my mind as a bitter disappointment, for I had promised myself a ramble in its streets, an exploration of its curiosity shops, and an excursion into the neighbourhood; but the "Viceroy" did not stay long enough for us to go on shore, so we found ourselves in the Red Sea, with Suez unvisited, and "Moses' Well," "the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea," and Mount Sinai unseen.

The direction in which Mount Sinai lies was pointed out, and

to the eye of faith it was perhaps visible, but I saw nothing but the haze rising from the blinding water or the dazzling sand, with a shadow on the horizon, which represented, I was told, the foremost range of the mountains, behind which Sinai lies, and over which it towers.

The "Twelve Apostles," of which I had so often heard, were, I regret to say, thirteen in number. At any rate, I counted thirteen rocks sticking out of the water, and though the captain tried to persuade me that I was counting each end of one rock as two separate rocks, I was not satisfied with the explanation, and am still content to believe that Judas Iscariot maintains his position in the apostolic body. Jibel Teer, as a rock of some considerable dimensions, next commanded our attention, but except being conspicuous, it has nothing to recommend it—unless to be conspicuous without virtues is worthy of commendation.

And then we came to Perim, that convict-station of the army. I believe there is still an officer on guard there, but unless he cares for taking long-shots at sea-gulls, or collecting shells, I can imagine no life less desirable. To be a frog alone in a dry well has always appeared to be a dismal, dull sort of life, but is Perim much better? It is a pity all good stories are stale—at any rate, I find that whenever I have been told a good thing, and proceed to tell it to some one else, I am at once informed that the joke is very ancient indeed. "I always *did* like that joke," says he. The Perim story is the case in point, but after all, if it was new to me it may be new to some one else. Perim, as may be easily understood, was never a favourite station with the service, and indeed the staff at head-quarters always sent men there with a kind of apology for being so disagreeable. Imagine then, the delight and astonishment of the authorities, when one

day there arrived an application from Lieut. A—— for Perim, the writer averring that from certain circumstances, which he was not inclined to disclose, the solitude of the place would be so agreeable to him, that if the commander-in-chief, by any special exercise of favour, could put his name at the head of the applicants for the station, he, Lieut. A——, would be eternally grateful. The joke of "applicants" for Perim nearly sent the adjutant-general into a fit, and a letter by return post assured Lieut. A—— that his application should have early consideration, and soon after he received his orders for Perim, the then incumbent escaping from the rock with all the glee imaginable. Meanwhile, the authorities had inquired into Lieut. A——'s antecedents, and learning that he was a good-looking, popular young fellow, a lady's man, and yet a man's man too, were immensely puzzled at his taste, but jumping to the conclusion that "she" was at the bottom of it, acquiesced willingly in his humble petition, and very soon Lieut. A—— was installed "on guard" at Perim, with a corporal and a boy. The first return mail brought a glowing account from Lieut. A—— of the charms of Perim, which tickled the general immensely, and as, at regular intervals, the exile wrote to assure his friends that he was delighted, everybody agreed that as they had found the right man for the place, they would keep him there. So when the year was over, Lieut. A—— found no difficulty in having his term of service renewed, and year after year went by, until Lieut. A—— had dropped out of his friends' minds, and the service spoke of him as "the man at Perim." But one day the commander-in-chief was taken ill, and the doctors ordered him home. Off Perim, the steamer stopped to send the usual orders ashore, and it pleased the commander-in-chief to go on shore too! At the flag-staff he was saluted by the corporal, the

boy standing prominently to attention. "Where is Lieut. A——?" asked the great man. "On leave in London, sir," was the reply, and then the murder was out! Lieut. A—— had been happily spending his years in Europe, drawing his Indian pay, with Perim allowances, while the corporal had despatched at intervals as directed by the Perim general-order-book, one of the letters of a certain box every second month. On examining the box, there were found to be letters ready in advance for the next eighteen months! And on examining the Perim order-book, it was found that the last seven or eight orders entered in it were dated each one a year after the other, and gave "the officer on guard" leave to Europe, signed "Lieut. A——."

In the Red Sea the heat by day was terrific, and at night there was a very heavy dew, so heavy, indeed, as to soak the awning and rigging. In spite, however, of warnings that sleeping on deck was "dangerous," nearly every one did so, and as, at the time, they all said the night air was delicious, and none of them have been ill in consequence, I am only sorry I did not follow their example. Another source of regret to me, looking back at the voyage, was that we saw no sharks. Of course, in a steamer we had no right to expect to see them, for they only follow sailing-ships as a general rule; but still, having made up my mind to see them, I was disappointed at their not deserting the regular course of nature for my amusement. On sailing-ships, shark-catching is an excitement regularly provided for the amusement of the passengers, and, to the sport of bringing the malignant brute to bay, the sailors can add the pleasure of eating him. I do not think I could eat shark myself, but sailors have told me it was very good indeed, so good that unwary passengers, having it served

up to them as "bonito" fish (a large species of tunny), have liked it, gravely recording in their diaries that "the bonito is the deadly enemy of the flying-fish, and, when pursuing a shoal, is often caught with a hook and cord, a flying-fish being the bait. Its flesh is very white and firm, rather tasteless, and resembling therefore dry veal. It has very few bones." This description of its flesh betrayed the fact that the diary-writer had been eating shark, for the bonito is a loose-fleshed and rather watery fish, while the shark resembles neither fish nor flesh, but is a compromise between the two. Flying-fish came on board several times, or rather, poor things! were blown on board. The large membranes which we call "wings" were, like so many other kind gifts of Nature, given them for their security, but if misused, for their death. When pursued in the water by their relentless enemies the bonito or the dorado, the flying-fish shoot up to the surface of the water, and, striking their "wings" against the crest of the wave, propel themselves into the air, and the wind, catching their outspread membranes, blows them along in a pretty swallow-like flight for a few yards, when, touching the water again, they give themselves a fresh impetus, and skim on again for a few yards, and so they go on, skimming and dipping, until they think they have baffled the bonito, and then, as if with one accord, the whole flight vanishes under the sea. In size and general appearance (the wings excepted) the flying-fish is like our friend the herring.

On the 18th we arrived at Colombo, and among the many "first glimpses" of places I have had on our voyage I remember that of Ceylon, as we steamed into Colombo harbour, as the prettiest. It is here for the first time that the traveller from Europe discovers what is meant by the phrase "tropical luxuriance of vegetation," and the discovery is enchanting. The

sky-line is broken throughout the coast-length by masses of palms, and below them crowd a wonderful entanglement of large-leaved trees and shrubs, among them the plantain, conspicuous for its six-foot fronds of exquisite pale green. It looked, as an Irishman once said of it, "like a big botanical garden." What struck me most was the *size* of everything, whether leaf or flower, and here all the large trees seem to have flowers as well as the garden shrubs. Our English elms and beeches, &c.—the horse-chestnut alone excepted—are too sober to trick themselves out with finery, but here, in this profuse and profligate East, everything bursts into blossom—the larger the better—and whether you look down or up, there are flowers of great size and bright colour, but strange, uncouth shapes, and strong, nauseating odour.

It was too hot to take much notice of the wonders of the land, but had I been on my death-bed, I must have laughed at the people. The Cinghalese men dress so much like women—the European idea of women—that when a creature in a long silk petticoat and bodice, and with its long hair brushed neatly back and gathered into a chignon with a large tortoise-shell comb, offered its hand to help me into the boat that was to take us ashore, I felt some delicacy in accepting the proffered courtesy, for in my own country it is the men who assist the women. But seeing all the rowers were dressed in the same style, it flashed across me that the nondescript creature was of my own sex. So I did him the honour of using his assistance to get into the boat, and was further graciously pleased to allow him to hold an umbrella over me as we were being rowed ashore. The same attentive nondescript procured us a crazy carriage, into which we got as rapidly as possible, and passing along the quaintest streets, arrived at the Fort Hotel.

I must close my letter—for I find I have much gossip still to set down, and the mail waits for no man, for time and tide wait for no mail. Besides I am anxious to go out to see "Famine" with my own eyes; to come face to face with the terrible thing that is now paralyzing this presidency and convulsing England with sympathy. Are there not outside my very windows the people, men, women, and children, for whom you are all subscribing your money and offering up your prayers? Within a quarter of a mile are there not lying, stricken down by hunger, and by the henchman of hunger, disease, many thousands of suffering poor? Yet the sun is shining brightly, the sea breeze blowing in cool, and through the curtain doors come the sounds of laughing and music. I had expected to find a pall upon the land and a gloom of silence, such as, when the plague raged in London, historians tell us settled upon the great city. But I had forgotten that the famine has of course increased a thousand-fold the bustle of local traffic and business, and that the hurry and appearance of commercial activity and prosperity are only temporary and fictitious, the result of the frantic efforts being made to arrest by importation of food the march of Famine.

SALAAM.

LETTER No. II.

AT MADRAS.

23rd November, 1876.

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee!"

THE PASSAGE.

MADRAS,
November 23rd, 1876.

APKA MISÁJ KAISA?

WHICH means, "How do you do?" An account of a voyage that should omit all notice of one's fellow-voyagers would appear to me to be eminently defective, and, if those fellow-voyagers were interesting, such omission would be positively criminal. Imagine us, then, fairly rid of all strangers and friends, and settled down to take stock of those who remain, and who are to be our constant companions for the next month, seated, if you like, at breakfast, and paying more attention to the faces about us than to the meal before us. First of all, I looked round me for the parents of the children who made night hideous, from the cabin next to mine, by crying all night and every night. I was much interested in the parents, for they were certainly remarkable people; not only did they not care themselves for the squalling of their offspring, but they seemed to think that no one else could object to it. It is true that, when the first high note commenced, the father, in a casual sort of way, offered to ride the urchin "to Banbury Cross," but the manifest indifference of its parent so disgusted the child that, without deigning any response, it only howled the louder. The father then went to sleep! Meanwhile the other child had begun to whimper, and before long was crying as wickedly as

its brother. The mother, after listening in silence to the duet for about a quarter of an hour, inquired of the imp, "Shall I beat you?" The absurdity of expecting an affirmative reply irritated the youngster into renewed squalls—and then the mother went to sleep! Eventually the children also went to sleep, exhausted, I suppose.

How different, I thought, these ill-conditioned youngsters to that philosophical young countryman of mine who, conscious of having committed a fault as yet undiscovered, went to his father and said, "Faither, gie me ma licks the nicht, for I canna sleep withoot them!" He knew he would have to receive the chastisement from the irate parent at no distant date, and very wisely thought that he should enjoy his night's rest much more if he had his whipping comfortably over before going to sleep. But my urchin tormentors refused "licks" when offered them, and then went off to sleep as placidly as if they had been of the righteous.

I early discovered the parents in question, and was not surprised to see that their only care in life seemed to be to get as much to eat and drink as possible, two of those lazy, selfish people who take annoyances badly, but think nothing of those they cause. They were always found seated at table when the first of the other passengers arrived, and were left eating when the last went. On deck they snoozed in long chairs while the children were scrambling and tumbling about in everybody's way.

When awake the children were not so objectionable. Perhaps like the elfin children who assumed their true nature only after dark, they turned into little goblins as soon as they went to bed. At any rate, if I had not seen them by daylight, I should have always thought of them as monstrosities. As it was they made a slave of me, and fifty times a day I had to trot up and down

the deck with them on my back, or drag them about in arrangements of chairs which they were pleased to call "railway trains," my *rôle* being that of engine.

But imagine writing all this rubbish! It shows, however, how thoroughly uneventful a sea voyage is, and with what little things we eked out daily existence. And were I not so conscious of their littleness, I should like to tell you of all the other commonplaces of life at sea—the quarrels of the passengers about their places at table (as if every one could be "next the captain!"), and about nothing at all—the captain, who had all the tact of a prime minister—the airs and dignities of the Indian bigwigs, such very little people in England, but getting bigger and bigger the nearer we got to India; of the severe-faced and economically organized lady whose deck-chair was her throne, from which she ousted usurpers with all the acerbity of an eastern despot; of that feeble-faced but red-nosed other feminine, who suffered from mysterious "spasms," made the doctor's life a burden to him, and was always having refreshments carried into her cabin or up to her on deck; the other who, wishing to say her prayers aloud, and not caring to do so to a full cabin, put her head out of the port-hole to utter her devotional thoughts, innocent of the fact that overhead leaned a miscellaneous congregation of amused listeners; the other who scolded her husband all day long, and snored abusively all the time she slept. Among the men were the usual types no less distinctly marked, but one was a curiosity out of all nature, and belonging, so far as I could tell, to no genus. He was *sui generis*, and, as some one says, "the only one of his variety." This person, I am sorry to say, was a Scotchman of very short temper and indomitable obstinacy. He was ever putting himself in the wrong, and, when he suffered, becoming "varra indignant." At everything that went

amiss he became "varra indignant," and at the very last, when we had reached Madras, he insisted on going on shore in the surf in a surf-boat, and when, of course, he was drenched through, he landed "varra indignant." He used to sit down in the middle of a number of us, and, taking up a book, would begin to drone out the contents to himself in an audible voice. But one day a passenger, acting for the rest, seated himself next to the objectionable individual, and began to drone out in the same way from another book—and the Scotchman was "varra indignant" at the interruption! On the whole, I came to the conclusion that "fussiness" does not answer. The happier way of getting through board-ship life is to be resolutely idle, to take the least possible interest in your neighbours, and to have all your resources for your own entertainment within yourself. I adopted the latter plan, and was therefore, in a dull way, happy enough; but, from all the squabbling and backbiting that flourished round me, I soon became aware that those who followed the other plan—of interesting themselves in other people's business and employments and making up eternal companionships in their pleasures—had soon as many enemies as friends, and were perpetually engaged in diplomatic skirmishes with other cliques. Thus, when theatricals were got up on board, I did not even "assist" as a spectator; but all the rest of the ship seemed to be divided into two parties, one of which, the actors and their friends, considered the world indebted to them, and under this assumption looked down upon "the world" as an inferior community; the other, those who couldn't act or hadn't been asked to, abused the performers and their performance. Indeed, at last, the more savage among them came to cherish the memory of those theatricals as a bitter personal aggrievement. Concerts, again, social little gatherings, were

organized in one of the officer's cabins, and the whole available space being about six feet square, the invitations could not be very numerous. For my part, then, I did as little as possible, and I had my reward in not being conspicuous. When not enslaved by children, to carry them about or show them the works of my watch (much, I fear, to the disturbance of that excellent horologe), I enjoyed the placid pleasures of go-bang (when some one else had not borrowed my board), or the quiescent delights of conversation with the charming lady who was my neighbour at meals. With her I found, apart from other topics, much to discuss in a sleepy, dawdling way about the phosphorescent sea, the flying-fish and the porpoises, the country I was going to visit, and our fellow-passengers. A visit to the "farm-yard" with the children was an occasional dissipation for the small ones, who were never tired of looking at the dismal old cow, the discontented pigs waiting to be made pork, and the rueful sheep. The ducks and geese were of a frivolous sort, and took life more lightly; but they could not, it seemed to me, have been so happy as they pretended. Nor must I forget the cabin full of parrots. Frederick certainly will not, for, as his cabin was next to the aviary, the parrots kept him reminded of their existence all night. In the rougher weather, when our deck-chairs had to be strapped to the skylights to prevent us all from sliding down into the scuppers, and "fiddles" (ledges of wood) were put along the tables to keep each person's food in front of him, existence was more lively, and, inasmuch as a great many passengers remained in their cabins, much pleasanter for those who did not suffer from "the malady of the sea." In the heat, all were idle alike; even the piano in the saloon had a holiday. At other times this much-victimized instrument was always at work; for when some adult was not "practising," some child was—generally several at once.

Even tatting, that arch-enemy of idleness, could not hold its own, and whether under the double awning on deck, or lying on my bunk with the windsail (which I was fortunate enough to get fixed) just over my ventilator, I dozed life languidly away. I was in other ways more fortunate than my neighbours, for, with a cabin to myself, I had privacy and space, and Frederick was always at hand to relieve me of the small disagreeables of life. Besides, my cabin was so comfortably fitted up, and, with my home portraits and books about me, I found I was envied by a large percentage of my eighty fellow-passengers. Thus, during one spell of very hot weather, I went out of my cabin one night to look at the miscellaneous bedroom into which the saloon had been turned for the nonce, and sincerely pitied the people whom the heat had driven out of their crowded cabins. But the sight was ludicrous enough. Some forty persons, gentlemen, ladies, children, and ayahs, were spread about in most absurd confusion. On the table, under the table, on the chairs, under the chairs—everywhere lay a human being. And in other ways it was curious how unprovided many of them—old voyagers, too—were with the necessaries of board-ship existence. Perhaps it was because they were such veterans of travel that they came so unprovided, knowing that the griffs would be sure to be well supplied. Anyhow, my books soon became a circulating library; my Lamplough's pyretic saline (*really* a deterrent of sea-sickness) was in constant requisition; my glasses, a pair of Callaghan's, were being asked for at every turn, and my comfortable deck-chair always had a stranger in occupation. Even for service on Sundays my red hassock and my sofa-cushion were impressed to do duty for pulpit furniture! And what strange services those were, with the devout-looking crew led by the officers, manfully making the responses and shouting to

the "chorus" parts of the hymns; the primitive pulpit and reading-desk, covered with the Union Jack, and then the swaying of the ship! We had an Episcopalian clergyman and a missionary of the Free Church on board, so that one's spiritual wants were well looked after; but the saloon where the services were held was so very hot at times that I did not often attend. One Sunday, however, I broke through my rule of keeping to myself by suggesting a collection for the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society, and the result was an offertory of 14*l.*

And now that I look back at that mixed company on board the "Viceroy," I remember it collectively as harmless, and the time I spent among them as a period of placid-enjoyment enough. At any rate I know that, though I had made only one *friend* among all the eighty, I found myself as we neared Madras almost regretting that the end of the voyage had come.

But now to resume the record of our perilous and astounding adventures.

I was, as I think I told you, very comfortably, although very expensively, lodged at the Fort Hotel, Colombo; but hotel expenses, I am already beginning to find, are always heavy in the East. However, I had nothing to complain of in the matter of attendance (the Cinghalese make certainly first-rate waiters) or cooking, and my dinner-party in the evening, at which some friends, one or two of the officers of the ship, and one lady, were my guests, was a very pleasant little party, marred however in the memory by some of the ill-natured on board, who took exception to a lady accompanying a number of her male fellow-passengers to a festivity on shore. But search the round world over, and I suppose you will find no spot on it where, if there are women, some woman will not be found to speak ill of those of her sex who are more admired than her-

self. The heat was too great for sight-seeing, but I got a view of the charming backwater lake on which the boating club has its pleasure-house, and which is, I am told, the scene of many a delightful water picnic, and certainly if scenery can contribute to the success of a pleasure-party, the residents of Colombo should be always successful. Having been made an honorary member of the club, I enjoyed the privileges of a cool room and all the latest papers during the cruel heat of midday, and among other entertainments to pass the time I gave audience to some native precious-stone merchants. Some white sapphires particularly took my fancy, and, having fortunately a friend at hand who was a connoisseur in gems, and who pronounced them not only rare but of a fine quality, I bought them. I was disappointed in my hopes of getting any pearls, for I saw few that I admired, and those that I did admire were extravagantly dear—some 38*l.* each. The return to the ship was by no means so amusing as the departure, for there was a heavy swell, and besides knocking about like a cockle-shell (why like a *cockle-shell?*) *en route*, we had the greatest difficulty in getting on board the ship when we had reached it. If you have never tried to get out of a boat in a rough sea on to the gangway of a ship, you can hardly understand how difficult and disagreeable the process is. One instant the passing wave lifts you up, high up, many feet above the bottom of the ladder, and the next instant you fall into the trough made by the wave as many feet below it, and so you go on up and down, with, as a change, a sideways lunge against the ship's side, which often, when the sea is very rough, staves in your boat, or smashes the gangway. The only thing to do is to keep cool, mark the precise moment when your rising or sinking boat is on a level with the ladder, and then step out. But there must not be a second's hesitation, or up you go

above it or down below it. In my case, the novelty of the position made me clumsy, and but for the chief officer's help I should have had a disagreeable scramble or a fall. It will be a wonderful improvement to Colombo when the breakwater—the first stone of which was laid in December, 1875, by the Prince of Wales—is finished, and the landing of passengers and cargo simplified. From Colombo to Madras our voyage was a most uneventful run, so that my next experience was the same as the last, only that in this case it was trying to get out of a boat on to a pier. The site of Madras, you probably know, was selected by maniacs, who, considering that a want of good drinking-water, the absence of vegetation, no harbour, and a dangerous surf, were recommendations for a city, chose the present spot for the capital of a Presidency. The result to me was that I had to get out of my boat, while it was bobbing about like an apple in a tub on Halloween's night, on to the slippery step of the pier, where even a limpet would have found some difficulty in effecting a lodgment. Fortunately the difficulty of stepping out of boats is a feature of everyday life, and therefore numbers of natives are at hand to seize hold of you as you plunge forward, and to drag you up. In this ignominious fashion I made my entry into the shabbiest and dreariest city of the East. My manner of arrival was not, however, after all, so ignominious as that of the old Scotchman above mentioned. In spite of all advice he would go ashore in a "surf-boat," because it was a little cheaper, and the result was that the surf catching his boat broadside, as usual, hurled it and its contents on to the beach, and the Scotchman, shaking himself to get rid of as much water and sand as possible, was "varra indignant" indeed.

I find that Sir Neville Chamberlain has made me an honorary

member of the club, but I was not aware that I could have had a bedroom there till after I had made arrangements to go to the hotel, which, I must confess, seems comfortable, though of course totally different from English hotels. The walls of the rooms are bare, painted white, and with no fireplaces. I have, however, very nice rooms; the sleeping apartments having bath-rooms attached, which is convenient. My dining-room is separated from the building, which seems a funny plan. To-night some of the "Viceroy's" passengers and officers dine here with me.

SALAAM.

LETTER No. III.

MADRAS TO CALCUTTA.

9th to 15th December, 1876.

" What wid scorpyins a' chayters,
Loikewoise the man aters,
Bloodsuckers and foxes that floi, sur ;
Insects wid stings,
And ants wid long wings,
And flois that git into yer oi, sur.

" And buzzin' muskayters,
And bould alligayters,
That grab ye on interin a river,
And cholera sazin' ye,
And dysentery tazin' ye,
And pains from inlargemint ov liver."

THE CHUTNEY LYRICS.

CALCUTTA,
December 15th, 1876.

SALAAM,

ALTOGETHER I don't think you could find anywhere else another place so uninteresting as Madras. It consists of a very straggling native town without any pretty European quarter to compensate for the native ugliness. There are one or two English shops, frightfully dear, near Government House, and that is all. At night it was a most dreary-looking place; there is, of course, no gas made there, and the lamps give the faintest possible light. There are a few pagodas, but none of any great importance. The evening drives up and down the beach, however, were charming, and the sea breezes most welcome. Here the *élite* of Madras society, and the rest also, congregate every night. A band plays three times a week. Some of the avenue drives are beautiful, and afford a welcome shade—the trees being chiefly bamboos and palms, which wave about in the most graceful manner. The plantain grows all about Madras in great abundance. Soon after I arrived I was "waited upon" by all sorts of people, but the first thing I did was to engage two native servants, and they turned out very satisfactorily. Curiously enough one had just come from Mr. Woodrow, and the other had been attached to the suite of the Prince of Wales, and therefore knew all the interesting places to visit. He had an excellent

character from Mr. F. G. and Major S. The barber, "King Tom," who came to "solicit the honour of attending upon" me, was too funny; by his own account he could do everything possible and impossible. He brought for my inspection the medal Sir Hope Grant had given to him, and upon it he had had engraved the names of the mighty personages upon whom he had performed, amongst others H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh and four Governor-Generals. In fact I think he may in time rival even that most wonderful of all living ladies in South Audley Street, who advertises that she has removed *corns* from every *crowned head* in Europe. You are expected to pay visits between twelve and two—just when the sun is at its height, so you may imagine that I paid very few, and gave thereby much offence by not conforming to the rules of Madras Society. I had visits from many native gentlemen; they were very anxious to do all they could to make that horrid town of Madras seem as pleasant as possible to me. A native visitor cannot, such is the peculiar etiquette of the country, go away until you dismiss him, which you do as courteously of course as you can, so as not to hurt his feelings. You say, "Pray come and see me very soon again," and then up they get directly and depart. I often thought it would be a good thing if we could thus dispose of the tiresome bores one sometimes has in London, who, having plenty of leisure time themselves, come and inflict it upon you, thinking everybody is as idle as they are, or probably not thinking about it at all. Certainly Madras hospitality was unbounded. The night after I arrived I dined at Government House, and was very glad to meet old friends again; and on another occasion I had a most pleasant dinner at the Commander-in-Chief's, where I met a charming lady, Mrs. Clerk, and as clever as charming. I spent several very pleasant evenings with

Colonel and Mrs. Scott Eliot. Everybody was most hospitable, except—but why should I bear her a grudge, though she did refuse to recognize me in a distant land. There is an excellent rule at many houses, which is that the gentlemen leave the dinner-table with the ladies (I only wish we did so at home), so that if it was a half-past seven dinner I was always home by ten. The dances at Government House were most enjoyable. They began at nine sharp, and ended at eleven, at which hour precisely "God save the Queen" was played, and away we all came. I only went to one or two other balls, but found there the hours were very much the same as in London, the dancing kept up indeed quite as late although beginning soon after nine o'clock. The dancing I saw once or twice was most amusing, but doubtless it was the last fashion. Madras is certainly the place to learn the Lancers. One young lady informed me they danced it differently during the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; but that after his departure they had gone back to their own old way. In returning to their places in quadrilles they often waltzed back, as they do at the Foresters' Fête at the Crystal Palace and similar festivities. However small the dance may be cards are used, and I saw a lady who was engaged twenty-two deep before she had been in the room ten minutes. There is always a "sit down supper" for everybody at once. The "Liverpool lurch" has got as far as Madras, and is vigorously practised. I saw many things quite new to me, and I hope I profited by them, so that I could say with Cowper,—

> "Your hermit, young and jovial sirs,
> Learns something from whate'er occurs."

Government House is a fine building, with splendid rooms. There is a wonderful picture in one of the drawing-rooms,

of Lady Tweeddale. The banqueting-hall is a magnificent room, quite detached and only used on great occasions. The Governors of Madras have another residence at Guindy, about five miles from the town of Madras. I went to tea there one afternoon. It is an enormous edifice, with suites and suites of rooms, but the Duke has not shown much partiality for it as a residence. It is royally furnished, and in the most complete order; and the park abounds with antelopes and small spotted deer. The present Governor spends about six months of the year at Ootacamund, so that he has really three residences —but then he hardly ever goes to Guindy. There is a very good museum at Madras. I went to see it one morning at seven a.m. Surgeon-Major G. Bidie, M.B., the superintendent, conducted me all over it, and explained all the wonderful objects. Just as I was coming away one of the native secretaries desired that I should see the monstrosities. "English sahib must see three legs for a hen before go, and elephant him very small." The latter animal certainly was a wonderful sight; it was perfectly formed in every way, and no bigger than a small puppy dog just born. I attended some of Dr. Bidie's lectures at the museum during my stay in Madras, and found them very interesting and instructive. An exhibition of pictures was opened in a building facing the sea, but so far as I could judge it was of no great merit, with two exceptions, which were two little gems by Miss Bryceon. One was the "Nilgherry Lily," and the other "Ooty Wild Flowers." This most talented lady always lives with the Ladies Grenville, and executed those two perfect pictures while at the Governor's residence at Ootacamund. There was a picture of the Bass Rock, but I am bound to say I hardly recognized it. The Madras young men, by way, I suppose, of being very smart, drive about in frock coats and high hats,

and got up as if they were in "the Row." I was glad to see they all looked melting, and fear I scandalized them very much by appearing in white suits, which, however, kept me cool. Of course when one is obliged to pay a morning visit, a black coat is necessary, but certainly not otherwise. However, the *jeunesse dorée* of Madras seemed all to pity me for not being able to afford a black coat, for that I suppose must have appeared the only possible explanation of so great a breach of etiquette. Of course I am alluding to the youth of Madras, and those engaged in business: officers were all obliged to, or at any rate did wear uniform, though I noticed that as many as dared put on white trousers. Some of the ladies were just as ridiculous in the smartness of their toilettes.

I went to return some of the natives' visits to me. One day six met by arrangement at the house of one of their number, and showed me their family jewels, which they had brought on purpose. Certainly it was a dazzling spectacle—ropes of pearls, and single-stone diamond necklaces, really magnificent. Madras I found very expensive. Good native jewellery and curios of every kind are ruinous in price. The two or three English shops here make no secret of having two prices, one for the rich and another for the poor, so that if you are weak enough to go shopping in a carriage, it is impossible to buy anything unless you are prepared to give double the value of the article, but prices are more reasonable if you go on foot. It is most amusing to think that both the native and English shopmen pretend to gauge the amount of a customer's fortune by his appearance. They think they can tell how much you can afford to give for a thing simply by looking at you. The heat in Madras is certainly great, but I am not sure that the climate is so very unhealthy. At any rate, I fancy that if this

article which I saw in a local paper be true (and I have no reason to doubt it), it is not the climate alone that is to blame:—

"I came to a city called Madras, it is built on the sea shore; I landed in a boat made without nails, I saw a bridge or pier the Feringees had built; they are also throwing stones to make a harbour. Whether this will ever come to anything Allah only knows, but verily the money goes like water, which cannot be picked up again. On reaching the shore I was proceeding to the 'Town of the Blacks' when I passed a drain, which Gehenna itself could not have equalled the smell. I asked whence did this stream of damnation arise, and where did it flow; I was told it came from the 'Town of the Blacks,' and was conducted into the sea. Also that the chief merchants and judges of the high court had to smell it every day. I was also informed that one of the streams of the city ran into the river, close to the Governor's palace. The Feringee is great, but here he is like one of ourselves, who say the things that shall be will be, but this city which might be made the garden of bliss, is only fit for the desert; if a man smells these drains he either dies or has to leave the country." Certainly there was a variety of terrible odours in Madras and the neighbourhood.

This presidency is fortunate, both in its Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and these are very ably assisted in their social duties by the ladies of their families, to whom Madras must surely be terrible banishment. The A.D.C.'s, secretaries, and minor luminaries were all very pleasant. On the 4th of December, Lady Anna Gore-Langton left Madras on her return to England. She is universally missed by rich and poor—and goodness knows there are enough of the latter in Madras. She seems to have taken a great interest in all charitable institutions and educational establishments.

Before leaving Madras I was obliged to leave cards upon various people, not necessarily with the intention of seeing them, but merely in acknowledgment of civilities received, as they had either called upon me or asked me to their houses; but the Europeans in Madras do not seem to understand the use of visiting cards. Thus, at some houses I went to, my servant gave out my card, but almost before the native servants at the door had received it, they shouted out "*At home, can't see.*" The candour of it was delicious, so honest, but to say the least of it, hardly polite. Even supposing that I had intended going in, it was surely uncivil to announce that the lady was at home, but would not see me. Every visitor would naturally think it was himself in particular she wouldn't see. The system may be more truthful, but it is not so elegant as our "Not at home," when very probably we are. Natives, however, are so desperately deceitful, that were they to be told to say "Not at home," while their mistress was indoors, they would detect her in a lie, and become themselves more than ever deceptive, with her example before them; but still I think there must be a more polite form than that used by some people to express their unwillingness to receive.

While in Madras I visited all the Government institutions. The General Hospital was admirably conducted; Dr. S—— took me all over it, but nothing interested me half so much as the Lunatic Asylum, for cleanliness, comfort, and supply of food, and, in fact, everything that could add to the happiness of the poor creatures was carefully studied. There were very few native inmates. All the patients worship Dr. N——, the superintendent. When we were going over the place I noticed he had a kind word to say to every one of the patients. How much better off were they in one way than the many poor people starving in

Madras, of whom numbers were dying daily. Some of the patients had been told I was coming. I meant to have gone some days before I did, but I had unexpectedly to receive some natives, who came to see me, and I was obliged to postpone my visit. I drove down between six and seven one morning, and some of the poor lunatics presented me with small bouquets of flowers, others with verses in my honour, and showed me various little attentions. One man had "just arrived on Sunday last—from *Surrey*—on purpose to receive me: it was so convenient," he said, "the travelling now-a-days, that he often went further than that for a few days." As a young man he had lived at Dorking; but for many years had been an inmate of the asylum at Madras. One lady, the wife of an officer, saluted me a long way off, and stood to attention (I heard afterwards) the whole time until I drove away. It would weary you were I to particularize the very many interesting cases I saw; but I must tell you of one who thinks himself the "Holy Ghost," and who has been under that hallucination for more than a quarter of a century. He came down the steps of his little cottage, and shook hands as if we were old acquaintances. Dr. N—— and I went in and sat with him for some time. We were there ever so long before I discovered he was a lunatic. He began after some time to talk perfect nonsense. When we got up to go away he presented me with four pieces of his own composition, all about myself, most beautifully written; he had been busy writing them ever since he heard I was coming to visit him. One piece had given him "much anxiety," as he could not find out for certain how I spelt my name: he told me he had looked in the newspapers, and some spelt it with one "l," and others with two. There were very few perfectly hopeless idiots, not, I should think, more than twenty. I heard that one old

gentleman was particularly fond of cheroots, so I gave him some: he was perfectly wild with delight and gratitude, and was "so happy to meet" me again; we "had spent so many happy years together." I remained to breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. N——, who were most kind. They have a charming house within the asylum grounds.

The day before I left Madras I received farewell visits from several native gentlemen, who were kind enough to come to say good-bye. One was a judge of the High Court: he had never been out of Madras in his life, and yet was one of the best-informed people I ever met; he spoke fourteen languages fluently, and his children seemed to have the same gift. He would not allow me to say it was a gift, but simply the result of study from infancy. At meals they always talked Sanskrit; and at nights, German, French, English, Spanish, Italian, &c. I found it was quite necessary to have a "peon" of my own—that is, a man who goes all your messages and delivers your letters—for I often had a dozen of the latter to answer between breakfast and luncheon. The Madras Club is a very good one; nearly all the papers which you care to see are there. The great fault, in my opinion, was that it was too draughty from the many open doors. I generally drove out every morning from half-past seven till half-past nine, and from five to seven at night. One afternoon when Mrs. Eliot was driving with me, I heard the clatter of the Governor's carriage, so I told the servants to draw up and let the imposing cavalcade pass, as his Grace seemed in a desperate hurry. It was quite dark; the avenue at Government House in which we were, is very narrow; Lady Caroline was with the Duke, and Capt. Aylmer was in attendance. The moment the carriage passed we heard piercing shrieks, while escort and all came to a standstill. Out we jumped. It seems there had been

a small boy riding his pony, with an English servant on one side and a native servant on the other, coming in the opposite direction. The pony shied suddenly at the alarming body-guard, and the little child was thrown right under the Duke's carriage. His Grace picked him up, and put him in his own carriage. Wonderful to relate, the small man was hardly a bit the worse; the wheels had not gone over him, as we of course thought they must have done, judging from his piteous cries. All the native servants fled directly. They want presence of mind sadly. Two or three times I drove out before luncheon on cool days, and then I found the most enjoyable plan was to have my mid-day meal in some shady spot. When I went on such expeditions I always took two "rough-riders," and when nearing the place I intended to stop at, I sent them on ahead, and by the time I arrived I always found they had luncheon ready for me. Indian servants are very *handy* in getting up impromptu meals, one of the few things they can do.

The Madras newspapers are amusing but very expensive, sixpence every day. The information is moreover not always to be relied upon. I read in the principal "organ" of the place that "Lady Salisbury had been chosen by the Queen to represent her in Turkey, and that a more fitting person than her ladyship could not have been selected." Again, in the same periodical I was not a little astonished to read that the photographer there would call special attention to his collection of photographs "just arrived from England, especially to the London actors and actresses, Madame Nillson and the Marchioness ——!!!" I happened to be in the shop on the day on which I read this astounding announcement, and ventured to inform the much misguided man that he had made a very great mistake in class-

ing Lady —— amongst the actresses. He said he was extremely sorry, but he had been told her ladyship was the most famous actress on the English stage. He removed the photograph from the window then and there. Imagine after that what terrible things might be said of one. Somebody was pleased to abuse me once, and, to make matters worse, when the editor found that what had been written was a parcel of fabrications, an ample apology appeared, and he wrote to say how sorry he was if the article had caused me any annoyance—instead of which it had very much entertained me. The names of some of the natives were amusing. Thus, the assistant to the Accountant-General is Mr. Kisson-Sing. On the 9th of December I left Madras, and went on board the steamship "Duke of Lancaster." I had had a most pleasant visit. I knew so many people, rather too many, in fact, and could have said with Pope,—

"Tie up the knocker;
Say I'm sick—I'm dead;"

but unfortunately there are no knockers in India.

It was not easy to get a boat when I drove down to the beach, although I had ordered one beforehand; they were all so busily employed in landing rice from the many ships arriving, trying to stay the terrible famine then raging at Madras, that I had to pay four guineas for two boats—one for myself, and the other for the luggage. The distance was not a quarter of a mile. Five shillings should have been amply sufficient. The water at Madras Harbour is daily becoming shallower, a danger to shipping which cannot be over-estimated. The "Duke of Lancaster" was a very fine ship, 3015 tons; but it was a very disagreeable embarkation, the sea being awfully rough, and the swell made by the ship helping to make it still

more unpleasant. I all but fell into the water when going on board, the small boat, in which I was, suddenly disappearing between two great breakers just when I had one foot on the gangway; and I was dragged up dripping. The deck and saloon cannot be compared with the "Viceroy's." My cabin however was magnificent. It could hold four, if necessary; but I had taken it all for myself. The one on board the "Viceroy" was most comfortable, but scarcely large enough "to swing a cat in,"—supposing I had wanted to try so unusual an experiment. I was not favourably impressed with any of the passengers, excepting a Mr. Eliot, on his way to Delhi, and it was therefore the most uninteresting voyage possible, from Madras to Calcutta. We began to be afraid, on the night of the 13th, that our pilot was not coming on board, as we expected, at the Sandheads; but shortly before ten o'clock we saw his welcome little light. He was a Frenchman; and as he drew on a pair of new white kid gloves (for he was a typical Frenchman), he told me that just a year ago he had piloted H.R.H. the Prince of Wales from the very same spot. We remained stationary all night, but started off at five next morning (Dec. 14th), and soon after entered the Hooghly, which is the dirtiest of rivers, owing to the sand which is poured into it from all the different mouths of the Ganges. Till you get to Garden Reach the land on both sides is very uninteresting. I was happier in my mind when we had passed that most dangerous place, the "James and Mary" shoal, where so many ships have been lost in a moment. We passed the "Viceroy" this morning on her way to Colombo. I had hoped to have reached Calcutta before she left. However, I mean so to arrange my plans that I can have another voyage in her. The King of Oude lives in a palace on the banks of the Hooghly; he still maintains his fondness for animals, and keeps up his

menagerie. Among the specialities of his collection are pigeons of every known breed, and a wilderness of snakes. A hideous story was current some time ago anent these reptiles. His ex-Majesty had, it appears, ordered a large consignment of snakes, and his agents up country, having got together "a well-selected assortment" of vipers of all kinds, despatched them to Calcutta. But, native-wise, hoping to get them more cheaply carried, they concealed the true nature of the freight, and labelled the hampers as "hardware," or something else. A bungle was made by the king's people about taking over the goods on arrival, and the wretched reptiles were left to smother themselves to death in the goods shed. The smell attracted attention to the "hardware," and the horror of the railway officials may be imagined, when, on opening the objectionable hampers, the true nature of their awful contents was revealed!

LETTER No. IV.

CALCUTTA TO DELHI.

20th December, 1876, *to 6th January*, 1877.

"All this world's noise appears to me
A dull ill-acted comedy."

COWLEY.

DELHI,
Saturday, December 23rd, 1876.

SALAAM, SAHIB!

I LEFT Calcutta on Wednesday night, the 20th, and a dreadfully long and uninteresting journey it has been. I had a reserved carriage, for which I had asked, but I could not feel justified in keeping it to myself, as the crowds, all bound for Delhi, were too awful at some of the stations beyond Calcutta. I let in two military men, and very nice and pleasant companions they proved to be. The journey is supposed to be performed in forty-eight hours, but we were fifty-one. The dust was beyond imagination, and the cold at night severe. I had secured rooms at the hotel here long before, but found the place uncomfortable. I did not arrive till four a.m., and the hotel being a new one, no one seemed to know where it was, so we drove about for six hours. I was at last obliged to go to bed without anything to eat, and I was starving, having had nothing in the way of food since the previous morning at nine o'clock, when we had stopped at a station for breakfast. I have very little to tell you about Calcutta. I can't quite see why it should be called the "City of Palaces." There are a few fine buildings: Government House is a large structure, but much too low; the design was taken from Lord Scarsdale's place in Derbyshire, but it is only the middle part that bears any resemblance to Kedleston Hall. There are

very few places of Hindu worship in Calcutta. The shrine of the goddess Kali is at Kalighat, and on certain days thousands of Hindus repair thither: their chief worship is done indoors. You never see any females at all—except quite the poor labouring women—in any part of India; and what is more they must never see you. When they are obliged to go out of doors to worship they must have their palkis closely screened, and when they go to bathe in the sacred waters the palki must have holes made in it to allow the water to come in upon them, and thus they need not get out at all. One day I went to luncheon with H. N——. He was very busy getting ready for Delhi. The same day I saw a gentleman who had just returned from an official visit to the districts in Bengal, where that most disastrous wave lately drowned so many people. At present it is estimated that upwards of 250,000 people must have perished. He gave a most wonderful account how, in trying to escape, the people and animals climbed up into the trees; tigers and children hanging on to one another, all traces of fear in the one and ferocity in the other having disappeared in the hope of saving dear life. Everything in Calcutta is, of course, on a much larger scale than in Madras, although not nearly so much English is spoken. It is a frightfully dear place; photographs are enormously expensive, six shillings for quite small ones. It was however great fun shopping in the native town. Mr. Eliot always accompanied me when we drove to any of the bazaars. We were at once surrounded by quantities of merchants and shopkeepers, who rushed at us, shouting, "Want likeness taken? very good likeness take." "Sahib, want looking-glass? very good looking-glass got." "Sahib, want hat? very good hat got." "Sahib, want shawl? very good shawl got." "Sahib, not go that shop—Sahib, go this shop; cheap, pretty tings got." Of

course, you never think of giving what you are asked at first; sometimes half is gratefully taken, but that never applies to Kashmir shawls or any really valuable article. A good Kashmir shawl costs from 50*l.* to 300*l.*, according to the work upon it. Lots of small inferior ones, which can be used as table-covers, you can get for 8*l.* or 10*l.* One day I went to the cathedral, to see the monuments to Lady Canning and Sir William Macnaghten. The latter is a beautiful tablet, supported by two full-length figures of natives, and surmounted by a full-length of Sir William. It is in the south wing of the cathedral, and close beside it is Lady Canning's superb monument: which is an immense marble plateau, richly ornamented with Mosaic work; at each side the coronet of a countess, the whole surmounted by a beautiful cenotaph, with a carved cross as the headstone, and upon it the inscription, which you may remember having heard before, and which was Lord Canning's own composition:—

"Honour and praise written on a tomb
Are at best but a vain glory;
But that her charity, humility,
Meekness, and watchful faith in
Her Saviour will, for that Saviour's
Sake, be accepted by God, and be to
Her a glory everlasting, is
The firm trust of those who knew
Her best, and most dearly loved her
In life, and who cherish the
Memory of her departed."

This most beautiful monument is sadly out of place where it stands. Under the tower is Lord Elgin's monument, in the Gothic style; at the top is a very faithful medallion portrait, and beneath four fine bronzes of the places where he did such good service to his Queen and country—Jamaica, Canada, China,

and India. Another very striking monument is that of Bishop Heber. It is life-size; the figure kneeling down, in full canonicals; the only inscription upon it is "Heber." The cathedral is at the south corner of the "Maidan." Outside, it does not seem a handsome structure; but the interior is very fine. The latest addition is the beautiful window to the memory of Lord Mayo. One window was given by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor, and the communion service was presented by Her Majesty the Queen. The great bells have inscribed upon them, "Their sound is gone out into all lands." I am ashamed to tell you that the punkahs in church always amuse me. They are long white machines, and are suspended from the roof; a smaller one hangs just over the clergyman's head, alternately hiding his face, and exposing it to full view, just like a "Jack-in-the-box." I never can keep my countenance. Moreover, I think they have a most soporific effect. The natives whose business it is to pull them are the first to fall asleep, and the punkahs, getting slower and slower, at last stop altogether; on a sudden, the men awake; and then they pull ferociously. If a puller sleeps too long, some bold individual gets out of his seat and gives him a reminder—not always a gentle one—which thoroughly arouses him, and he starts up and pulls away again. I think at the evening service there ought to be no punkahs: one is often sleepy before dinner-time. At any rate, what with the punkahs and the very dry sermons which seem to prevail in India, one finds a difficulty in keeping awake, which is much the same thing. Dogs walk about the church during the services. One Sunday a little terrier made a hearty, if not a digestible meal off the straw matting close to my pew. There are some fine monuments and statues in Calcutta—the Gwalior monument, erected by Lord Ellenborough, the statues

of Lord Auckland, Lord William Bentinck, Lord Hardinge, Lord Mayo, and Sir James Outram, and the Ochterlony Column, from the top of which you get the finest view of Calcutta and the neighbourhood. The "Maidan," upon which some of these monuments are placed, is a large flat plain, stretching away for some distance, and fronting Government House. Calcutta was very dull while I was there. All those who could get away were, of course, at Delhi. Lord and Lady Lytton are now making a tour, and do not return to Calcutta, but come straight on here to-day. Mr. Eliot and I went to the Eden Gardens and the Zoological several times, and set our faces against the ridiculous custom of wearing high hats and black coats at this season. It wasn't the least necessary, and although the Calcutta people are not so bad as those at Madras, still they are absurd in this respect. There were several travellers, like ourselves, passing through Calcutta to Delhi, who agreed with us, that it was not necessary to be "got up," as if we were in London.

One day we read a letter in the paper very much disapproving of the *déshabillé*. It seems some one had written previously something about it, which we did not happen to see, then this appeared :—

"The gentleman who has noticed the style of dress adopted by some people who frequent the fashionable promenades has laid his finger upon one of the gravest blots of the social fabric. It appears to me that a man who is capable of appearing in broad daylight in a 'pot hat' and 'suit of dittos' (whatever they may be) is a man capable, unless restrained by the strong arm of authority, of committing any enormity. It is quite too intolerable that men devoid of silk hats and frock-coats should be allowed free access to places consecrated to the proprieties." Isn't that a delicious production?

From all I saw and heard when at Calcutta, I think a very unfortunate time has been chosen for the proclamation of the Queen as Empress of India. It was intended that the Imperial title should be received with rejoicings throughout the length and breadth of the land; but I do not at present see how this can be. A disaster, I suppose without parallel, has overtaken the eastern part of Bengal, where the late cyclone has swept away more than a quarter of a million of the Queen's subjects, and the loss of houses, cattle, and grain cannot be told. Cholera has now broken out in the afflicted districts, and is committing great havoc amongst the survivors. In Bombay and Madras, again, a famine is now raging as severe as any on record. Moreover, there are rumours of war from various parts of the world. To say the least of it, there are complications at Constantinople, and who knows where we may all be by the 1st of January, 1877.

There are few sights in Calcutta. One of the most interesting is the Botanical Garden at Seebpore, about four miles from Calcutta. The avenue of Palmyra palms is alone well worthy of a visit. The orchids are most magnificent, and require to be seen. No description can give you an idea how lovely they are. There is the largest Banyan-tree in the world in these gardens; it isn't more than a hundred years old; notwithstanding which it covers a space of 900 feet in circumference. The gardens have never, I believe, recovered from the cyclones of 1864 and 1867.

SALAAM.

LETTER No. V.

DELHI TO AGRA.

23rd December, 1876, *to 7th January*, 1877.

"Story, God bless you,
I have none to tell, sir."

GEORGE CANNING.

AGRA,
January 7th, 1877.

SALAAM, MEM SAHIB.

I MUST now give you an account of the Delhi doings, in fact "I am going to talk a great palaver. It is a white man's palaver." After writing to you on my arrival there on the 23rd of December, I started off to have a look at the camps. People were working at them day and night, I believe, and although Lord Lytton was to arrive in a few hours, things were far from being completed. It was the most singular sight to gaze upon, and reminded me of the account of the building of the Tower of Babel. There was certainly sufficient confusion of tongues to defeat the completion of any building, but with this great difference, that one language, Anglo-Saxon, was decidedly in the ascendant. The arrangements of the interior of the tents were a marvel of comfort and elegance; thick carpets were below your feet. The tent-poles used by his Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir were of silver, and not only in the tents of the "Lord Sahib" were there fire-places, but in nearly every one. Flower-gardens had been improvised in many places, and blossoming shrubs in pots and in tubs were arranged wherever there was room for them. Bullock-carts were wandering vaguely up and down with boxes to deliver at some place, but where exactly the drivers knew

not—only somewhere within a radius of ten miles, which is the extent of the entire camp. The inside of one tent I visited was simply gorgeous, decorated with roses, lilies, and long palm leaves, like the display on a Devonshire House night, and another was laid out for dinner, with a great many little round tables, exactly resembling the supper-room in Grosvenor House Garden, but truth compels me to say that the Delhi tent did not come up to that arrangement, which you will allow is as perfect as anything can be. I went a little before two o'clock to the station, to see the state entry of Lord Lytton into Delhi, but with difficulty did I get there, as my ponies refused to pass the different *painted* elephants we encountered on the road. I am sure it was no wonder, for the latter were enough to terrify any pony of respectable principles. Some of them were coloured light-blue, the trunk, ears, and tail a pale yellow; in fact we met the most curious quadrupeds and no less singular bipeds. The train arrived about half-past two. Nearly all the ruling chiefs had assembled at the station to do honour to the Queen through her representative. Flags and banners adorned the platform and entrances. It would take too long were I to tell you about each prince as he arrived. Gold lace and precious stones were the chief attractions, which as each prince alighted from his elephant or carriage elicited bursts of admiration. The young Gaekwar was the first to arrive; he was very plainly dressed in a suit of black velvet, therefore his jewels were seen to the greatest advantage. He wore the Baroda state diamond necklace: it is of great depth, and lies all round the neck and shoulders; and never probably was a quarter of the same number of stones seen in any one ornament before. Notwithstanding the bitter cold in the morning and evening, the middle of the day was most oppressively hot, and the sun shone upon

all the jewels till they dazzled you to look upon them. This same little prince had three single-stone diamonds in different parts of each ear. His Highness the Nizam was very quietly attired, he wore no ornament, which seemed to astonish the assembled multitudes; he was attended by Sir Salar Jung and Captain T——. The Nizam jumped out of his carriage into Sir Richard Meade's arms. Scindiah was the next to arrive: his Highness wore a magnificent necklace of diamonds. After him came H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, who drove up in his splendid "char-à-banc." His sons are very handsome and were beautifully dressed; the eldest wore gorgeous diamonds. I suppose, never in India was there such a meeting of her princes; they all seemed very happy with one another, shook hands, admired one another's ornaments, and cracked jokes —at least it looked like it, to judge by the way they laughed. When the train arrived, Lord Lytton got out and made a little speech, salaamed away to the princes, and then he and Lady Lytton got upon their elephant. The next carried their two little daughters. There were several hundred elephants altogether, all richly caparisoned, and some of them more splendid than anything I could have imagined, being covered entirely with cloth of gold and adorned with gold or silver anklets and bells. Some of the howdahs were of gold. Mahouts, very smartly dressed, sat in front of the distinguished occupants of the howdahs, waving large white chowries made of Yak tails, and also carrying in their hand an instrument like a small boat-hook, with which they guide the animal, while some of the elephants had gold shields on their heads and partly covering their trunks. It certainly was a right royal procession, but I should think it must have been most fatiguing; it took six hours from the station to reach the camp. The heart of the Delhi native must

again have rejoiced to see the daily crowd in that most wonderful of streets, Chandney Chowk. First passes some great chief whom it pleaseth Her Majesty the Queen to honour, reclining in an English carriage, then a troop of cavalry, then perhaps a body of swarthy Hubshies, well made, handsome men, forming the body-guard of H.H. the Nizam, here a stalwart Sikh, and there a group of tiny Ghoorkas, then a four-in-hand driven by a lady. It was most amusing to walk along the roads, at every turn you met a Peon with a "chit," and directly he saw a European he came up to you, requesting you to tell him where the person to whom the note was addressed lived; next comes up a patient "Chuprasi," with a bundle of telegrams, and asks you to look them over, and thus one day I found one addressed to myself. The postal arrangements were disgraceful: a letter took from Monday to Saturday to reach from one end of the camp to the other, only ten miles! If it was an invitation, of course the dinner was over days before you received the letter. The only plan was to send everything by hand. Cannon kept firing all day long, but nobody asked or cared for whom they were. The air was (un)musical with the various bands practising, horsemen cantering and troops marching by. I have mentioned the guns, but it would have been impossible for the keenest Rajah from Travancore to Kashmir to know which were his own especial guns. The political officer might have taken any batch of bangs on chance and assured his own particular chief they were meant to do him honour. I really believe that the artillery had orders to keep on firing all day and every day till they were told to stop. At any rate, they must quite have lost count of the Rajahs, Begums, Ranas, Jams, and Khans. On Sunday, the 24th, the day after I arrived at Delhi, I went to the camp-tent church. The cold was very

great and all the ladies were in velvets, furs, and muffs. I went to the same church the next day, Christmas day; it was much colder than we generally have it at home at that season. In the afternoon of Sunday, I had a visit from C. Egerton, who insisted upon my coming down to "dwell in tents" and give up my rooms in the hotel. He kindly ordered three tents, which I hired for the time the "Tamasha" lasted, and I had some ground allotted to me between the 39th Regiment and the 92nd Highlanders. I moved down to the camp on the afternoon of the 25th, and had my Christmas dinner with the 39th, who very kindly made me an honorary member of their mess so long as I remained at Delhi. During the festivities there were at least a dozen tents burnt down from various causes. On Tuesday, the 26th, we all heard with great sorrow of the death of Captain Clayton, from the effects of an accident at Polo on the previous day. He was aide-de-camp to Lord Lytton, and the event was especially sad at this time of national rejoicing. He was deservedly popular in his regiment, and with every one else. During my stay at Delhi, I saw a good deal of Sir Salar Jung; I never can forget the curries we had at breakfast and dinner, and, except those which he gave us when he was in London last year, I never tasted such anywhere. They were not so absurdly hot as you generally get them at home. He always made particular inquiries about his London friends, and seemed to have enjoyed his visit there very much. The first or second time I was with him, I rode a horse lent me by C. Egerton, as my ponies had done a good deal of work that day. When dinner was over, my servant gave me the cheerful announcement, "Your horse broke loose, sir, about an hour ago." You may imagine the state of my feelings in a strange place, pitch dark and miles away from my own tent, and the horse not belong-

ing to me; but, wonderful to relate, just as we were starting to walk home, the steed was recaptured, and brought back to Sir Salar's tent. The Delhi sights are well worth seeing. The first place I went to was the Dewán-i-Am, or Hall of Audience in the Palace; it is a large building open at three sides, and supported by pillars in the wall. At the back is a staircase leading up to the throne, the whole of the wall behind the throne is covered with mosaic paintings in precious stones of some of the most beautiful flowers, fruit, birds and beasts of India. They were all done by Austin de Bordeaux, who swindled many kings and princes in Europe by selling false gems. At last he took refuge at the Court of Shah Jehan, where he made an immense fortune, and was a great favourite with the emperor. Next I went to the Dewán-i-Khás, which in former days was especially set apart for the reception of the nobles. It is entirely of white marble, also all the pillars which support it. On the top stand four pavilions with gilt cupolas; in the corners at the end of this hall is the famous Persian inscription, "If there is a Paradise on earth it is this, It is this."

It was here that once stood the magnificent peacock throne, of which you have no doubt seen the picture. It bore the figures of two peacocks, standing with outstretched tails, which were inlaid with diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and every other precious stone that could make them look as life-like as possible; about six feet long and four feet broad, and standing upon six solid gold balls as feet, all studded with precious stones; the whole was covered by a canopy of gold, supported by twelve pillars, encrusted with jewels. The fringe was entirely composed of pearls, and the parrot which stood between the peacocks was the ordinary life-size, and made out

of *one single emerald.* On both sides of the throne stood a chatta, one of the symbols of royalty, of red velvet, embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet high, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The whole of this magnificent work is supposed to have cost 600,000*l.* On another day I went to see the Pearl Mosque, and the Emperor's baths, and that of the ladies of the Zenana. From there I went on to the Jumma Musjid. It stands at the end of the celebrated Chandney Chowk, on a high elevation, and is approached by magnificent steps of red sandstone. This splendid pile was built in the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan, and employed 5000 men daily for six years. One day was devoted by the chiefs to paying ceremonial visits to the representative of Her Imperial Majesty, Lord Lytton, who gave to each a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Victoria, 1st January, 1877," on one side Her Imperial Majesty's profile, and on the reverse the inscription in English, Persian, and Hindi, "Empress of India," "Kaisar-i-Hind," and "Hind-ka-Kaisar." H.H. the Maharajah of Benares was made a G.C.S.I., and minor honours were conferred on lesser people. All these rewards gave the recipients immense satisfaction. One day the little Gaekwar went to Lord Lytton's tent to receive a banner sent by his Imperial Mistress; he went in his gold carriage, and when he was within 500 yards of the tent, a foreign office official and two aides-de-camp met H.H., and escorted him, the artillery, meanwhile, firing a salute of twenty-one guns. At the edge of the carpet in the throne tent, Lord Lytton received H.H., and conducted him to a gorgeous seat on his right, then the large flag was brought up in front of the Gaekwar, and by command of H.I. Majesty presented to him. It bears the royal and imperial arms, and those of the Gaekwar, and then he had his gold medal put round his neck. Would that all the cere-

monies had been so successfully carried out! I must tell you how Lord Lytton's Levée was (mis)managed; you'll say, "Serve you right for being fool enough to go," and you are not far wrong, but I thought I should like to see some of the natives with their jewels on. First of all there never should have been "a Levée" at night, with such enormous distances to go. The time fixed for it was ten o'clock, but crowds had been collecting for hours, so you may imagine what time it was when we got there, and after being squeezed almost to pieces at the outer door, we managed to get into the tent leading to the one where Lord Lytton ought to have been receiving the people half-an-hour before. He little knew the trouble and inconvenience they had put themselves to in getting there. The room we were in was not so large as the one at the Egyptian Hall where Maskelyne and Cook exhibit, and there were upwards of 2000 men in it at once, while there were still hundreds outside, who were unable to get in at all. It was a very cold night, we couldn't make out why those in the room never moved on, and then we discovered that Lord Lytton had not even entered the throne-room tent, much less received the many people anxious to get away. As it struck *eleven* o'clock the barriers were removed. The crush was greater than I ever saw anywhere; the crowd at a Lord Mayor's show was a joke to it, and hardly anything can be worse than that. Everybody was very good natured about the shameful way in which they had been treated, and we had much laughter, but still I think I never heard so much profane language in so short a time. It was not to be wondered at. One Bengali Baboo, who was unable to cope with the crowd, dexterously availed himself of the terror inspired by the Fuller case, so as to extricate himself from the crush.

"You must not push me, please; I feel very bad, I have got spleen."

The effect was magical, those near him started back, nearly smothering us, and he at once said, "I feel better now," and went into "the presence," with his dress unruffled and his spleen unruptured. If the tent had caught fire, as so many did, it would have been certain death to many in that awful squeeze. A gallant officer kept me in fits of laughter, by repeatedly asking an eastern potentate, "If you please, Rajah, would you mind keeping off my Indian corn?" Another well-known member of society at home, was by the force of the crowd thrown through the barriers when he least expected it, and he just uttered two little words, hardly parliamentary, which let us hope Lord Lytton and the *ladies* present did not hear. Before he knew where he was, he found himself face to face with the Viceroy. Why the ladies were present I failed to discover, but Lord Lytton was supported on each side by a few, who were most conspicuous amongst so many men. K—— K—— tells me she was there, but I was far too busy looking after myself to see her or anybody else. Thank goodness, the Queen announces a certain hour to receive at Buckingham Palace, and she is always there to the moment. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is equally punctual always. All present were exhausted after the struggling and pushing we had gone through, and would much have liked a little refreshment, but nothing of the kind was provided, and I saw several men actually reduced to finishing various bottles which had been left by the band which had been playing in the early part of the evening. There were no arrangements for the carriages, and it was more than an hour before we found ours. It was really enough to kill one, this coming out of such heat as we had endured for two hours, into a cold, frosty night, to stand about shouting and searching for a missing equipage. One morning, when in bed, I heard one of the 92nd Highlanders say

to a comrade he was running after, "*Bide a wee:*" it was the most refreshing thing I had heard since I had left home.

One Saturday, the 30th December, we drove to the Kutub Minar: it is the highest independent pillar in the world; the minaret of the mosque at Cairo may be a little higher than the Kutub, but as this stands alone it looks much loftier than the minaret. The Kutub bears various inscriptions, graven in six belts round the pillar. The first contains verses from the Koran, the next the ninety-nine Arabic names of God, the third is taken up with praises in honour of Mauz-Oodeen-Mahomet-Bin-Sam, the fourth a verse from the Koran, the fifth repeats the praises of the Sultan, the sixth is unreadable. There are five storeys altogether, and they nearly all bear inscriptions. The whole pillar is of the most peculiar formation, on the lowest storey the flutes are alternately angular and circular, the second circular, the third angular, only the section above this is fixed with marble, and the upper of red sandstone. There are 379 steps which lead to the summit, from whence you get a splendid view. It is not quite certain what is the history of the pillar, but it is supposed that it was built by the Rajah Pithora, at the request of his daughter, who wished to see the river Jumna daily, and also to behold the rising sun. I was more astonished at the diving near the Kutub than at anything I had seen since I arrived in India. The drop is over eighty feet, and the professional divers, for half a rupee, jump down. Their legs are opened wide till the instant before they touch the water, when they are brought tightly together. The diver after a moment's disappearance again emerges from the water, and runs up the steps none the worse for what seemed to me a most perilous adventure. The memorial monument at Delhi is built on the "Ridge;" it is over 100 feet

high, and the view from the top is very fine, but it recalls many painful associations. To my surprise to-day I met Edward Noel of the Rifle Brigade. He is staying with Lord Edmund Talbot at the 11th Hussars' camp; it seems to me he goes to India and back two or three times a year. I dined at the 11th Hussars' mess one night, and how such an excellent dinner can be prepared in tents passes my comprehension. Another night I went to the 60th Rifles; their band is by far the best I heard at Delhi. Two days during the festivities were devoted to races, of which, however, an account would hardly interest you; moreover, I saw very little of them, for those two stalwart natives, aides-de-camp of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, each day stood right in front of my place, and I couldn't see *through* them. They were completely covered over with Prince of Wales' feathers and A. E., on every conceivable place on their uniform. They were very proud of their recent visit to England, and could talk of nothing else. Now I must tell you all about "Proclamation Day," 1st January, 1877, when Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, was publicly proclaimed Empress of India. The assemblage was held in pavilions forming a semicircle on the plain. In front, opposite the Viceroy's throne, were gathered the Governors and Lieut.-Governors, with their respective staffs. Then were ranged all the ruling chiefs and princes, forming a gorgeous spectacle, and numbering, I believe, sixty-three. Behind the throne were grouped envoys, deputations, &c., further back were a large number of native nobles and the immense number of invited guests. On the south of the assemblage were drawn up troops to the number of 15,000, and on the north, troops of the native princes and retinues. Guards of honour were stationed at each side of the throne. As is only too well known, the present Viceroy of India is not punctual, and

he was late in making his appearance. While we were waiting for him, we amused ourselves with reading the very elaborate programme, a masterpiece of comprehensiveness, being addressed to the quadrupeds as well as the bipeds,—at least there was an especial paragraph, "*Elephants* are requested to keep the high road." At twenty minutes to one, instead of at twelve, Lord Lytton appeared, and alighting from his carriage and preceded by his staff, advanced to the throne, heralded by a flourish of trumpets. The proclamation was then read in English by the chief herald, every word of which we heard distinctly, and then in Hindostani by the Foreign Secretary, the reading being preceded and followed by a flourish of trumpets by the twelve heralds. After the proclamation, the royal and imperial standard was hoisted, and a salute fired; then there was a *feu de joie* by the troops, at which all the elephants scampered off, to the intense amusement of everybody. We heard afterwards that they had killed several natives, and the only wonder was they didn't do much more damage. The massed bands played "God save the Queen," but a more inharmonious blending of instruments I never wish to hear. Lord Lytton then made a long speech, at least so we found out afterwards, but we didn't catch one single word. The gorgeous combination of colour on every side produced a splendid spectacle. Surrounding the assemblage was a semicircle of elephants with beautiful trappings, which added much to the magnificence of the scene. All those who were entitled to it wore the dress of the Order of the Star of India. Lord Lytton must needs spoil the effect of his beautiful robes by wearing a hideous common helmet, to which he seemed much attached. On the daïs he was quite protected from the sun, and he only had a very few yards to walk from his carriage to the throne,

while a huge umbrella was held over him till he reached it. There were two pages, one a tall and very handsome boy, a gallant midshipman from H.M.S. "Undaunted," and the other a son of H.H. the Maharajah of Kashmir, a short little boy, the contrast being ridiculous in the extreme. When the middy received the letter requesting him to act as page to Lord Lytton, he exclaimed, "By Jove, this is a come-down." He had acted in the same capacity to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and doubtless felt the change from royalty to vice-royalty very trying. Much surprise was caused by the appearance of Lady Lytton and her two children on the throne. Some one suggested that her ladyship must be going to address their highnesses the Begum of Bhopal and the Princess of Tanjore. I am not surprised that there were all kinds of conjectures as to why she was there, for they looked ridiculously out of place, the lady and two little girls. Lord Lytton being her Imperial Majesty's representative, his position was clearly defined, but what Lady Lytton was there to represent no one knew. H.H. the Gaekwar came in his gold carriage, and wore his "Star of India" robes and state jewels; the Nizam was plainly and modestly attired, but wore the famous gold belt, so studded with diamonds that you can scarcely see the gold. It is said to be worth nine lakhs of rupees (90,000*l.*). No diamond ever before worn in India was so large as that which H.H. the Khan of Khelat wore in an armlet. Scindiah eclipsed all the Pattiala and Baroda jewels, for he had on a belt of diamonds and a stomacher of white sapphires, nearly as large as pigeon's eggs, truly magnificent. The Siamese Embassy amused me by the size of the cigars they smoked, while waiting for the tardy Viceroy. They were twice as long as those you generally see, and as thick as the handle of an umbrella. Much to my astonishment, during the whole ceremony there was no prayer

or invocation of any kind to Him who is "the King of Kings and Lord of Lords." It would doubtless have been very difficult in such a mixed assemblage of Hindoos, Mohammedans, Parsees, and peoples of various religions, to have had any prayer which might not have given rise to ill-feeling, but I certainly think the risk should have been run, and although Lord Lytton had a service before he left the camp, that fact was never made known to the multitude. I only wish Lord Lytton could have seen himself when returning the salutes of the various princes, as he would then have understood how ridiculous he looked. He nodded his head and long hair, wildly gesticulating with his hands to the poor unfortunate chiefs, who must have been alarmed at his behaviour; he kissed his hand to the Begum and the Princesses; and committed other eccentricities of manner.

On the whole I think myself, and much fragmentary talk with friends confirms me in my opinion, that the proclamation ceremony did not come up to expectation. The effect of the amphitheatre was very grand, the mass of troops and the elephants lent dignity to the whole scene, but after all it had been but a dull proceeding. Of course an English spectator may have been inclined to look at the whole thing from a European point of view; this came out especially in Lord Lytton's treatment of the native chiefs, for instance, on the daïs, where he saluted the princes with salaams, instead of an honest English bow. It would surely have been much better to have seen our European salute retained than the Anglicized Orientalism in which Lord Lytton indulged; but, after all, the Indian chiefs cannot be misled by exaggerations of manner to suppose that the English power is less than it really is, for did they not see with their own eyes the presence in Delhi of every potentate in India, to do homage to our Queen? Some of the stories about the chiefs are very amusing,

especially about H.H. the Khan of Khelat, who no sooner arrived at his camp than he and his followers ate up all the soap provided for their ablutionary purposes. But that is nothing to the proceedings of another prince, who, to say the least of it, behaved unusually. At his first dinner-party there were two kinds of fish-sauce handed to his highness: he instantly conveyed the ladle of each to his mouth to see which he liked best, and not being able to decide, took some of both upon his plate and mixed them up. When the side-dishes arrived, he partook of all and largely, till a friend had to explain to him that there were many more delicacies in reserve, and that it would be well to reserve some appetite for what was to come. There was no dancing anywhere; rumours of five balls were in circulation, many Paris dresses bought, but all to no purpose. Surely somebody might have provided a floor to dance upon. One of the Lieut.-Governors might have given a dance! The general public did not care about Lord Lytton's visits to and from the native chiefs, state dinners, and receptions; and the world at large was very dull, notwithstanding the vortex of excitement about nothing. There was altogether a lamentable want of forethought in the European programme. Oversights are inevitable in a meeting like this gathering at Delhi, but the many things that were mismanaged were just the very things that should have been attended to. The military were almost entirely overlooked, and one of them said, "We are nowhere, we have counted for nothing during these festivities." Some regiments ought to have had particular attention paid to them. However, it is no use complaining in detail, for as a spectacle—and that was after all the great thing—the proclamation proceedings went off very well, no vacant place in the gallery of feudatory princes has marred the completeness of the assemblage, and notwithstanding the many drawbacks and inconveniences, the sight was one never

to be forgotten. On Saturday, the 6th of January, the fine large tents of the 92nd Highlanders were burnt to ashes. There have been fires nearly every day. I think the best part of the Delhi proceedings was the review which took place on the 5th; it was a splendid sight. On the arrival of Lord Lytton thirty-one guns were fired, for the first time since the alteration of the number, and all the troops presented arms. The troops and retinues of the chiefs, accompanied by their bands and state elephants magnificently clothed, first marched past, conspicuous among them being the Gaekwar's gold guns, the Nizam's African body-guard, and the Kashmir troops. This part of the programme occupied more than two hours, but was well worth seeing. Next came the Government elephants, headed by the Viceregal animal. The British troops then commenced to pass, first the artillery, then the cavalry, and then the infantry. More than 20,000 troops took part in the review. At sunset 101 guns were fired to announce to everybody that the imperial assemblage was at an end. I forgot to say that on the night previous a display of fireworks took place on the *Maidan* in front of the Jumma Musjid. They were on the whole only *rather* good, and of course gave far more pleasure to the natives than to the Europeans. The rockets certainly could not have been surpassed for brilliancy. The likenesses of H.I.M. the Empress of India and the Prince of Wales were very fine, so was that representing a native procession, and the shower to resemble rain was very grand.

Having heard of the great crowds leaving Delhi nightly, Noel (who came here with me) and I determined we would be in plenty of time for the train. On Saturday, the 6th, we left the camp at six p.m., although the train was not timed to leave the station till eleven o'clock, but when we arrived at the station (before

seven) we found it even then very crowded. We managed, however, to get a little (tepid) dinner, and when the weary hours were past, and it really was time to think about the train, great was our disappointment on finding, after it was at last made up and glided into the station, that it consisted of thirty-nine third-class and one first-class carriage! Of course, the ladies had to be accommodated first, and when we ourselves were jostled into a carriage, we found we were in a kind of cattle-truck, servants and all, with about fifty natives! So you may imagine our journey to this place was anything but pleasant, only we should have had to wait for three or four weeks to come had we any thoughts of travelling with comfort.

During the assemblage the cold was something terrible. In the middle of the day of course the sun was blazing, but both at night and in the morning bitter winds and fearful dust combined to make us miserable. Although we had fires in the tents, we always wore our overcoats at and after dinner, and the ladies were obliged to sit in their sealskins. The road leading to the camp where the 39th regiment and my tents were pitched was very good, but as it was the one Lord Lytton was to use on the 1st January, it was strewn with huge pieces of rock at intervals, to prevent anybody going upon it before then. At least twice a day, had we to go over this pleasant drive to get on to the main road. I was obliged to make the ponies "pick their steps," like circus horses, and then, although they got over somehow, the wheels of the carriage were sadly damaged. We removed as many boulders as we could, but always found them next morning carefully put back. After a week they so completely knocked up my ponies and carriage, that I was obliged to have another equipage. It took us about an hour to get from our tents to the high road, hardly three quarters of a mile. Salaam.

LETTER VI.

AGRA, CAWNPORE, AND LUCKNOW.

7th to 12th January, 1877.

"Let's talk of graves."

SHAKESPEARE, "RICHARD II."

CAWNPORE,
January 12th, 1877.

SALAAM, SAHIB!

I HAVE seen so many interesting places since you heard from me last, that I must tell you about them before I proceed farther on my travels. Noel and I arrived at Agra on the 7th January, and immediately after breakfast we set out for the Taj. It seems ridiculous in me to attempt to give you any description of that gorgeous building. Moreover, you know all about it from the accounts you have read; but to refresh your memory I may mention that it was erected by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in memory of his wife. He is himself also buried there. I believe it cost more than two millions of money. It stands on the banks of the river Jumna, in a large garden, which you enter by a splendid gateway of sandstone, inlaid with ornaments, and inscriptions from the Koran, in white marble. In front of this gateway is an avenue of cypress-trees, roses, lemons, stephanotis, and palms. In the centre is a long row of fountains, and then you are at the Taj. It is a square building, with turreted corners. The material is the purest white marble, and shines so dazzlingly in the sun that you can scarcely lift up your eyes to look at it. We ascended the steps to the base of the building, and before going into the central hall descended to the vault where Mumtaz-I-Mahal is buried. In the principal hall, where

are the splendid monuments to the emperor and his wife, there is very little light; they are sarcophagi of the finest white marble, with precious stones, some of the small flowers inlaid with thirty different stones in each blossom. The screen which surrounds the monuments is truly magnificent and, I think, the finest thing in the whole Taj; it is octagonally shaped, more than six feet high, and all in open tracery-work of white marble, like very fine lace. The whole building must be seen to give any one the least idea what it is like, and to be understood. It is a story from beginning to end, and takes long to peruse. We spent hours there. The building of this wonderful pile employed 20,000 men daily for twenty-two years. India is really an enchanted place. As a rule I object to "meditate amongst the tombs," but here wherever you go you are instantly dragged off to see the last resting-place of some grandee or another, and so I had to make exceptions. Hearing the tomb of Akhbar was especially grand, we went there after leaving the Taj. He was the grandfather of the Emperor Shah Jehan, and has a right royal mausoleum. It consists of five stories, and on the topmost of all is the tomb itself, exquisitely sculptured, containing the ninety-nine names of God in raised Arabic letters. This is all surrounded by screens of pierced marble, marvellous in their beauty and intricate fretwork. I was unable during the rest of my stay in Agra to visit any more places of interest: the sun had affected my eyes, and Dr. Wilmot would not allow me to leave the hotel. So I had to remain in a darkened room. After leaving Agra I came on here, and put up at Mr. Lee's hotel, a very comfortable one for India; he is an old 53rd man, and can tell many a thrilling tale of those terrible months in 1857. He and his wife are a charming old couple. My first visit to Cawnpore was a most melancholy one. It could hardly be otherwise.

When brought face to face with the very scenes of the Mutiny, all seemed so fresh to one. I first went to Wheeler's entrenchment, upon the site of which now stands the memorial church. From the outside this is anything but an elegant structure, but the interior is much better, only very dark, and I was told by a clergyman who preached in it, that it was a most difficult church in which to be heard, its acoustic properties being very defective. As you may suppose, the walls are covered with monuments. After I had stayed some time in the church, I went on to the Suttee Chowra Ghât, the scene of the final massacre, where the poor victims were shot as they embarked, by men concealed all along the shore. After that I went to the memorial gardens, in the centre of which is the well, with Marochetti's beautiful white marble statue of the Angel of Peace. Around it is an open work of light-coloured stone, and round the pedestal of the statue is the inscription,—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of the great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondoo Punth of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857." Over the door which admits you within the screen is written, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

Beautiful trees and shrubs are massed all round this most touching spot, where now all is peace. Natives have now permission to enter the gardens, and I am sure it was a most wise concession to allow them to see the memorial to those who in serving God, Queen, and country, were so treacherously murdered by their countryman, Nana Sahib. Such heroic bravery can never be surpassed and never be forgotten. The place is now very different indeed, all so quiet and peaceful. Lucknow was next on the list to be visited; it is about forty-six miles

from Cawnpore, and thanks to the exquisite railway arrangements for which India is so deservedly famous, you can actually get there sometimes in three hours,—that is when you are once started. But you will be kept at least an hour at the Cawnpore station. I was warned of this, and remained at the hotel which is close by, until the train was telegraphed from the next station, ten miles off, and then I went to the station. Leaving Cawnpore after luncheon, you may arrive at Lucknow in time for the 7.30 dinner at Hill's hotel. The day after I got there I of course went to all the places in which our greatest interests centre,—the "Residency," the "Bailie Guard," and Dr. Fryer's house, where Sir Henry Lawrence died. The beautifully laid out grounds, with all their precincts so quiet and lonely, make it difficult to realize that a short twenty years ago, the scenes presented there were the most terrible that the human mind can conceive. In fact it is impossible to realize them. The "Residency" is now a ruin. We cannot even imagine what must have been the feelings of the poor inmates and sufferers, when they were relieved, and what they owe to the four gallant regiments that helped to rescue them. Alam Bagh, where Sir Henry Havelock is buried, is four miles from Lucknow: I drove out to see it. There are many wonderful buildings in the town, and formerly it must have been indeed the City of Palaces, but after the various scenes of the mutiny have been visited, these others possess very little interest. After leaving Lucknow, which is off the main line, I returned here late last night, or rather early this morning, and am obliged to stay at Cawnpore all day. I meant to have gone straight on to Bombay last night, but when I arrived from Lucknow, I heard the natives shouting out "Cawnpore," so out I got. It was one o'clock in the morning (the train being

only two hours late in arriving), pitch dark and raining in torrents. I could see nothing of course. It seems that there are two Cawnpore stations, but miles apart, and I got out at the wrong one. The authorities ought really to have some European servants. Here was I turned out in the middle of the night, with no means of getting a conveyance of any kind. Had there been, I should have gone back to Mr. Lee's hotel (where I now am) and slept there, for at the station there was no available waiting-room. One of the very few comforts in India is that you always have your bed with you, so Frederick made me as comfortable a couch as he could on the stone floor, and I slept very well till six o'clock, when I came back to Mr. Lee's hotel. It was very annoying, as I wanted to go straight on by the mail last night to Allahabad, where I had a reserved carriage waiting for me to go right through to Bombay. As natives will work for half what Europeans demand, the railway officials won't afford any of the latter, and therefore unless you can talk all kinds of heathenish languages, you are very apt to go in quite the contrary direction to that which you intend. To-day I continue my journey, and *hope* to be in Bombay in two days.

SALAAM.

LETTER VII.

BOMBAY.

14th to 28th January, 1877.

"I've wandered East, I've wandered West."

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BOMBAY,
January 28th, 1877.

SALAAM,

I ARRIVED here from Allahabad (after a most tedious journey), on the 14th; the distance from thence is only 840 miles, and although I went by the mail train, we stopped fifty-seven times! What must it be by a slow passenger train? Railway travelling is not understood in this country, and punctuality is a thing unknown. By all trains crowds of poor natives travel, and I am at a loss to know where they get the money. Our poor at home cannot afford it, and railway fares are very high all over India. Until within about fifty miles from here the whole country is as ugly as any you can imagine. You should just see the railway bells; they are simply pieces of permanent way, which they strike with an iron bar, and the noise made is happily so totally different to anything I ever heard, that I cannot describe it. The scenery near Bombay is wild and beautiful, by far the most romantic I have seen in India. The hills and valleys are magnificent. Some of the railway stations are very picturesque, for prizes are given to those who keep the neatest station, and certainly some few are beautiful, with flowers and the most exquisite creepers in full bloom, and tubs of rare plants all over the platform. The G.I.P.R. is decidedly better managed than the E.I.R. If you want to go from Calcutta to

Madras by railway, you have actually to come within thirty-three miles of Bombay! That will give you an idea of the Indian railway system. When I arrived at Bombay I went to the Byculla Club. The one grand mistake here, as well as at all the Indian clubs where I have stayed, is that all windows and doors are left open, and the draughts are most unpleasant. Very often there are no doors, so naturally you cannot shut them. The new public buildings are much finer than in Calcutta, and this ought to be called the "City of Palaces," if either town deserves that distinction. All the people to whom I had letters, and those I knew before, were most hospitable, and I had some very pleasant dinners, and met some charming people. At the club I came across Sir Francis Murphy, so we did the Bombay "lions" together.

The Queen's statue is superb, but ought to have been placed on a higher pedestal, to show it off better. It was presented to the city, in 1872, by the then *Gaekwar*, and cost, I hear, 18,000*l*. I was not able to accept the invitation I had to Government House. It is a most unpretending-looking building, but very comfortable inside. Bombay boasts a skating-rink, and a place of public resort for recreation, called the "Gymkhana," and there from five to seven you meet Bombay society, which, so far as I saw, seemed extremely pleasant. The finest view of the city and harbour is to be got from Malabar Hill, and certainly it is very striking. Of course my great object in going to Bombay was to see the Caves of Elephanta. Sir Francis, the Clarkes, and I went together, but I confess I was terribly disappointed. I had hired a steam launch the day before, and indeed this is by far the pleasantest way to see them. Sailing may be well enough in a fair wind, but when that treacherous element is contrary, you may take hours to get there, whereas we were there and

back in three hours. One hour to go, one hour to return, and one hour at the caves is more than ample to do the whole thing comfortably. The island itself is lovely, and the foliage wonderfully luxuriant. We had to climb up for a long distance; but there are steps cut in the hill-side, so it was not very arduous. The first cave is a kind of hall with pillars carved out of the rock. Then you go into the principal chamber. Most of the columns have now fallen down, and lie on the ground. The capitals and bases remain, but oddly enough the shafts have given way in the middle. The idols are sadly dilapidated and disfigured. They stand out in high relief from the rocks. None of them are more than fifteen feet high, except one enormous three-faced idol which is at least nineteen feet. It is a pity the caves are now so neglected, and the surroundings not kept in better order, for they are in a filthy condition. I intended going on from here to Hyderabad, on my way to Jubbulpore, but owing to the Mohurrum festival I have been obliged to give that up. Sir Salar advised me strongly not to come till it was over, as during the festival is the worst time for a visitor to see the place in comfort. It lasts ten days longer, but I could not waste any more time here. The Mohurrum is by far the greatest Mohammedan festival, and is often accompanied with serious disturbances, although every precaution is taken by the military and the police. In 1874 tremendous riots occurred. The Sheeahs mourn and the Soonees rejoice, so that when these people meet each other, with such contrary ideas, a terrible row is not unnaturally the result. To-night I leave this for Jubbulpore.

SALAAM.

LETTER VIII.

JUBBULPORE, BENARES, AND CALCUTTA.

28th January to 10th February, 1877.

"Lo, the poor Indian!
Whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds,
Or hears Him in the wind."

POPE.

THE BENGAL CLUB, CALCUTTA,
February 10th, 1877.

RÁM! RÁM!

I LEFT Bombay on the 28th January. At Bhosawal Junction, much to my surprise, I encountered Mr. and Mrs. Russell, who are travelling about. They very kindly gave up their own plans to accompany me, and we went on to Jubbulpore to see the Marble Rocks. They are about twelve miles from the town, and are certainly very beautiful. Horses in India, even in this cold weather, seem to be perfectly useless as regards work of any kind, so at the end of six miles we were obliged to have a relay. You never saw such miserable animals. As soon as we reached the bungalow we descended to where our boat was in waiting for us. The scene on the river is very fine. The rocks rise upwards of 200 feet out of the river (the Nerbudda), which in some places is so narrow that you can only see on each side the dazzling white rocks, and a strip of the blue sky above. It is most romantic. One spot is called the "Monkey's Leap," but I don't think any monkey could possibly jump such a space. When we returned to the bungalow, we found a recherché collation, thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Russell. Jubbulpore is a very pretty place. Some of the officers quartered there assured me that it was a very pleasant station, and "heaven upon earth" after Meean Meer, from whence the regiment had

just come. One of them told me he had been quartered in nearly every part of the world, but had never been so comfortable as in Edinburgh. He could not speak enough in praise of that most beautiful of all cities. We laughed over the people who talk about the March winds; neither he nor I had ever felt them severe. That it is windy now and then no one denies, but I only wish we had a little more of it in London; and then again, if it is cold in Edinburgh, it is a clear cold, which is much pleasanter than the damp and fog of London. What Edinburgh really wants to make it the finest city in the whole world is a river, for if we only had a broad sheet of water running through the Princes Street Gardens, instead of that most unsightly railway, it would be incomparable. After leaving Jubbulpore, we came on to Benares, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Aynsley, who are also travelling about. The nights there were very cold, and the wood fires most welcome. It is a marvellously interesting place, and requires a long time to inspect. I went to a great many temples. The Golden Temple is very fine, dedicated to the god Bishesharnath, the King of all the Hindu idols. The tower is entirely covered with gold leaf, the gift of H.H. the Maharajah Ranjit Singh. The Monkey Temple is a most curious sight; Tuesday is the best day to see it, as there are more worshippers on that day than on any other. I accordingly chose it for my visit. There are thousands of monkeys, who grin at you in the most impudent manner. Some of the carving on the temples is very fine. The idol Ganesh is a huge red image, the body almost entirely made of silver. At Manakarnika (?) Ghât I saw one body being burnt, and another just going to be put on a fresh pile. From Madhudas-ká-dharara, the far-famed Benares minarets, you get a grand view of the town. These minarets are 170 feet high, but

by far the best view is to be obtained from the river. I took a boat and floated down the Ganges. Without doubt Benares is the grandest city I have seen in India. All along the river, and principally at the large Ghâts, you see hundreds of bathers—men, women, and children all together—the water is filthy, but the poor deluded creatures think that to bathe in this sacred river makes them pure within and without. The idolatry and superstition practised in this city are most sad to witness. Many Rajahs have built splendid houses on the banks of the river, and now and then come to visit the holy city. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton were most kind to me during my stay in Benares, and I cannot be sufficiently grateful to them. Mr. Hutton always accompanied me when I went to the city, and appeared glad to give me all information, though I am sure he must have been wearied with my continual questions. I went one day to see the embroidery work at the shop of Lálá Debi Pershad. The fabrics were chiefly of the very richest ivory-white brocaded silk, some of them covered entirely with gold work; it would be impossible for any lady to have a whole dress of such stuffs, as it would be much too heavy. A court train would be magnificent, but decidedly costly. The most beautiful piece I saw was a length of twelve yards, and one yard and a half wide. The price was 450 rupees a yard, or about 45*l.* in our money, so you may count what only a few yards would mount up to. I saw several coats for Rajahs, which cost about 400*l.* each. Some of the designs were beyond description for beauty. A small white satin cushion, embroidered in gold, and not made up, was 13*l.* The brass work for which Benares is so famous, very beautiful and comparatively cheap, is equal in appearance to the best gold. A large tray for a sideboard was only 9*l.* It is heavy and difficult to carry about, so I shall send some home

direct. A few of the streets are tolerably wide, but where the principal shops are the streets are very narrow, and such a medley in them!—men, women, and children, mixed up with donkeys, sacred bulls, and camels. There is a wonderful bridge of boats across the river, and each time you drive over it you have to pay four shillings, which I call a swindle. One day I went to see H.H. the Maharajah of Benares, at Ramnugar, where his palace is. It is a long way from the town, and on the opposite side of the river Ganges. I drove to the top of the Ghât, and there I was met by one of his Highness's servants clad in a long scarlet cloak, carrying a thick silver staff. He told me the Maharajah had sent a palki for me. It was only a very little bit of a hill I had to go down, but I stepped in nevertheless. The motion was most delightful. The Palki was carried by six bearers, and in appearance was just like the "Bath chairs" you see in England, only without the wheels, and much smarter inside, being all red satin embroidered in white silk. At the edge of the river I found the state barge and the sculler-boats accompanying it, with about thirty men all in scarlet and gold, to look after them and me. It took twenty minutes to go to the other side of the river, and there I found another palki and two elephants, so I had my choice of conveyances. I stayed about an hour at the palace. The Maharajah was most hospitable; he showed me all his various treasures, and hung a chain of oriental workmanship around my neck, which he insisted on my accepting as a remembrance of my visit. He also gave me his photograph and autograph. H.H. is no longer a young man, and is not very strong, so he asked me to excuse him from accompanying me to see his gardens, which were about a mile distant. I mounted a gorgeously caparisoned elephant, with the most exquisitely carved silver howdah, and proceeded to the gardens, followed by two

other elephants with relatives of H.H. and members of his household. No Indian gardens come up to what we see in our own country, but these at Ramnugar were very prettily laid out. After spending some time there, I returned to the palace to see the (Nautch) dance, which was part of the entertainment provided for me. It was a melancholy spectacle, and I never wish to see another. The singing of the women is painful to listen to, and I had very soon had enough of it. H.H. was most kind, and I enjoyed my day at his palace very much. He was delighted with all the Delhi doings, as he had come in for a large share of the honours bestowed. At the gate of the palace are a splendid tiger and a leopard, caught in the Chakia jungles. On the morning of the 31st January, I left Benares, and went on to Calcutta, where I arrived very early next morning, before it was daylight. At Howrah station I had a box, containing things very precious to me, carried off, and as yet have heard nothing of it. Indian thieves are very expert: I had only laid it down half a minute before. Lord Lytton released thousands of prisoners on the "Proclamation" day, but it was a case of "small profits and quick returns," as many of them have, I see, been reimprisoned for fresh offences. I offered 1000 rupees for the recovery of my dressing-case, and enlisted the services of both the town and station police, but as yet to no purpose. It rained nearly every day during my stay at Calcutta, and sometimes it blew a perfect hurricane. My old ship, that in which I came out, the "Viceroy," was in the docks, so I leave in her to-day for Ceylon. One day Vivian and I paid a long visit to the General Hospital, Dr. R—— kindly showing us over it. It looked most clean and comfortable. We were to have inspected the jail the same day, but a terrible storm of wind and rain prevented our accomplishing our purpose; and as we were in an open carriage we had to return to the club as

quickly as possible. The rooms here are not so large as at the Byculla Club, Bombay, but much more snug, and we have roaring fires daily. One night I dined with H—— N——, but I accepted no invitations at Calcutta, except to Government House. During my visit Lady Lytton gave her first ball, and the rooms looked very well when lighted up. There are a few good pictures in them, those of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, Louis Quinze and his Queen, being conspicuous.

There was a garden-party at Government House the day I arrived, but having travelled all night I was too tired to go. There was to have been another two days ago, but it rained as it usually does now, and so the party had to be postponed. Calcutta society has been much exercised in mind about the notice in the "Gazette" that "ladies are expected to wear trains at the Drawing-rooms." Could anything be more absurd? Why such an announcement was ever put in print I cannot imagine. Of course if people cannot afford trains they need not go, but clearly a "Drawing-room" is a "Drawing-room," and one without trains would simply be like a peacock without a tail. But then the question naturally arises, "Why have Drawing-rooms at all?" since the people don't choose to comply with the necessary and proper rules of society. Why shouldn't Lord Lytton give breakfasts and evening parties, when the A.D.C. in waiting could announce the names of those ladies who are desirous of making their courtesies to the Queen's representative, but who will not do so in trains at Drawing-rooms. Truly Indian society is a puzzle. There are no bells in Indian houses, so you have to shout; but as your native servants have either their ears or eyes at the door, they appear directly they are summoned.

SALAAM.

LETTER IX.

VOYAGE TO CEYLON, AND ON TO MELBOURNE.

10th February to 8th April, 1877.

" From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand."

BISHOP HEBER.

THE MELBOURNE CLUB,
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA,
Sunday, April 8th, 1877.

I LEFT Calcutta in the "Viceroy" on the 10*th* of *February*, much delighted at getting away from India, in spite of the very great kindness I had received from all with whom I came in contact. I have been so disappointed with the natives, and with all the places I saw, or very nearly all. They have such a general look of decay—even the little villages of a few years' growth. The people themselves are always bathing, but the filthy state in which they live is lamentable. I don't see any immediate prospect of the natives becoming much more enlightened than they are. I don't know what we should do without India, as an outlet for energy and a field of lucrative occupation. Yet if an official had the choice of an appointment at home on 1000*l.* a year, or of one on 2000*l.* in India, he would be most foolish to accept the latter. There everything is twice as expensive as at home, and you *must* have a carriage and horses (such as they are), which at home is not absolutely necessary. The only advantage I see in living in India is the climate; for six months in the year you can count upon splendid weather. Amongst the many drawbacks is all the rubbish regarding official precedence, wherein I am sorry to say the ladies are far more to blame than the gentlemen. It quite prevents that easy

intercourse which might make society in that odious land agreeable.

I felt quite at home again in the "Viceroy," and was received in the kindest manner, and as usual by Mr. Powell the chief mate. "In you come," were the first words of welcome I heard on embarking. This time the ship was taking a cargo of rice to Colombo, so we had no other passengers. We steamed down the river as far as the King of Oude's palace, where we anchored for the first night. The next day, Sunday, Vivian and I went ashore there, and then across the river to the Botanical Gardens. That same night we steamed off again. A week later, on Monday the 19th of February, we arrived at Colombo, after a very good passage. Our last day was very rough, and of course I was intensely uncomfortable. During all that week I remained in Colombo, as my first visit there had been rather hurried. Vivian and I took daily drives when the sun went down. Colombo is certainly a beautiful place. On the 28th I went to Kandy, seventy miles higher up country. The view from the railway, nearly all the way, is unsurpassed. Nervous people, however, would not enjoy it much. For a great part of the way you see nothing but valleys, thousands of feet below, and were the slightest accident to happen, the train would go straight down to the very bottom. The "Sensation" rock is the most dangerous place on the line. We had three engines attached to the train, as the whole way to Kandy is a steep incline. Kandy is a picturesque little town, built on the banks of a miniature lake. There is nothing to be seen except the temples, which contain the tooth and collar-bone of the late lamented Mr. Buddha. There is a very nice club, but small; when I went there it contained only four members. After leaving Kandy I went still further up country, to stay

with C——, who is on a coffee "Estate." I cannot say I was much impressed with the life; C—— remarked, and very truly, "You see it requires rough men for rough work." Supplies of food were quite uncertain, and for two days we had to depend for our meals upon something being shot on the "Estate." One day we had nothing to eat; I mildly suggested that eggs would do very well, but it was discovered there was no bread and no salt in the bungalow. By a happy chance half a chicken was discovered, and when C—— asked the boy where it came from, he lucidly explained, "Master say two days ago, take gun, shoot fowl, and he will die; odder half master eat two day ago." A few days of that sort of life were quite enough for me; I returned to Colombo *vid* Kandy.

> "If solitude make scant the means of life,
> Society for me." THE TASK.

The night I was there a fire broke out; and if you could only have seen the apathy of the Cinghalese! They seemed to enjoy it, and made no efforts whatever to save their little houses; but what can you expect from people who brush your boots with an old toothbrush? I saw one of my native servants endeavour to produce a polish with that most extraordinary weapon. They seem to be weak people, with no strength to do anything; and then the amount of "backsheesh" they all expect for doing nothing is incredible. It was just as bad all over India. It will take at least four men to carry your dressing-case, and then one of them will come and ask you to pay him, and also the other three. They all look after one another's interests. The great idea of all Indian and Cinghalese natives is to get as much as they can out of Europeans.

On Wednesday, the 7th March, I left Colombo for Galle in

the mail P. and O. steamer "Bangalore." We didn't start till twenty minutes to one p.m., and yet arrived at Galle (nearly eighty miles) at a quarter past six, so that shows what can be accomplished by the exertions of the engineer, when the captain chooses to go fast. As soon as we arrived at Galle I went on shore and took up my abode at the "Oriental Hotel," as we were obliged to wait until the arrival of the European mail, to take on the Australian and New Zealand passengers in our ship. The "Oriental" was most comfortable, but very expensive. However, every one knows that travelling in Ceylon is ruinous. The drives all round Galle are very fine; only one has not much time to see them, as it is much too hot to go out before 5.30, and dinner is at 7.30, so it was quite dark before we had gone any distance, owing to the complete absence of twilight.[1] On Saturday, the 10th of March, the mail arrived, so I had to go on board the "Bangalore" again, and on Sunday morning we started for Australia.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,
Isle of beauty, fare thee well."

T. H. Bayly.

We took up nearly 150 new passengers, and the scramble for berths and seats at table was most unseemly. I had written to Bombay weeks before for a private cabin, and of course received the usual polite reply and promises, but when the ship arrived, I found there were already three men in my cabin, which wasn't really big enough for one. Naturally sleeping there was quite out of the question. The ship was

[1] The Governor of Ceylon was unfortunately away during my visit, so I was unable to present my letters of introduction to him. He was on a visit to Sir George Bowen at Melbourne, but Captain Collins, A.D.C., kindly offered to do anything he could for me.

ridiculously heavily laden, and we were low in the water, so that all the port-holes had to be closed. So long as the great heat lasted, about seventy of us, ladies as well as gentlemen, slept on deck, notwithstanding the terrible drawback of having to get up between four and five in the morning when the decks were washed. There was a Mr. Blackburn on board, and one night he thought he would be very amusing. It was impossible to tell, when the poor unfortunate passengers brought up their own beds at night to sleep on deck, who was who, as of course they had to carry them on their heads, and thus their faces were hidden. Mr. Blackburn thought he saw one of his friends coming, so he tripped him up; but you may imagine the confusion of the joker when he discovered it was a distinguished foreigner, a gentleman with whom he was totally unacquainted, whom he had thrown down, bed and all.

As soon as the cold weather began I was obliged to sleep under cover; so the first night I tried the saloon table, but very soon was deposited on the floor. Certainly if a prize were to be given for the best "roller," the "Bangalore" would unquestionably carry it off. I find she has been known for years as the "Rolling Bangalore," and never should I have come in her had I known what we were to endure. For the remainder of the voyage I slept on a hatchway, where two or three other people also reposed. I cannot say my "couch was downy." Moreover the rats held nightly revels, dances, and races without end; they ran over us two or three at a time. All night and every night, hideous sounds reached us from various people, some of whom woke to find a rat sitting on their eye. At meals we were daily sent flying off our seats by the rolling of the ship. Unfortunately I had a chair, which may have been a compliment, but I would much rather have been on a fixed seat. The "Bangalore" is a

most uncomfortable vessel, and it is disgraceful that so many passengers were allowed to crowd into it. It is one of the P. and O.'s smallest ships. One used to hear much of the comforts of the P. and O., but I have utterly failed to recognize them. Mr. Murray, the chief officer, was an agreeable and obliging person; he did all in his power to make me comfortable, and to-day when we arrived he got all my luggage sent up direct to Melbourne, without any difficulty. I was very grateful. You have no idea sometimes how troublesome it is getting your luggage off the ship. Two days after we left Galle, it was whispered that the second engineer had small-pox, so you may imagine how alarmed we all were in so crowded a ship, being nearly 300 people altogether. The captain, I think, ought to have put back when he found out that it was true, which, alas, it was. The poor man was put on the bridge in the chart-room, away from us all. It was not a very severe case. The captain gave me the cheering information that probably we should have to undergo twenty-one days' quarantine—wasn't that a lively prospect? On Saturday night, the 24th of March, we arrived at St. George's Sound. However, it was too late to do anything that night. Next day we landed the poor unfortunate patient, but when the surgeon came alongside from the mainland, he positively declared that he would not allow the man to be put on shore, and insisted that we should take him on with us, a proposal, the force of which we utterly failed to see. At last it was arranged that he should be put into a small boat, with an attendant. We provided him with books and eatables; but there was very little shelter in the boat, only a kind of rude covering at one end, made of sacks. Whether he ever survived the exposure for the twenty-one days in his delicate state is very doubtful. We had only one passenger for that inhospitable port, a pretty

young girl going out to be married to a medical man at Perth, the capital of Western Australia, and the authorities actually refused to allow her to go on shore either; so the unfortunate creature had to be landed on a little island some way off the mainland, and put into a very small quarantine cottage, her only companions being the man and his wife who look after it. It must have been terribly dull for her, and her three weeks must have seemed very like as many months. On Sunday afternoon we started off again, but, just before we left, the P. and O. agent came to take our letters, and if you could only have seen the forms and ceremonies which had to be gone through! All the letters were put into a tin box, and taken out one by one with a pair of tongs, and held over a sulphur fire until they were quite discoloured. The postman was too cautious to touch one of them. So he opened *his* box, and we poured our letters into it, out of *our* box. We may hope, therefore, he escaped any infection! On Thursday the 29th, we arrived at Glenelg, the port for Adelaide, but the passengers, about thirty, were not allowed to land. Between *two and three in the morning* they were transferred to the "Fitzjames" hulk, bought for quarantine purposes by the government. It was a most inhuman hour to make ladies and children get out of bed and go into another ship. We started again the same morning, and on Saturday, the 31st of March, found ourselves opposite the quarantine station about forty miles south of Melbourne. The pilot came on board that night, and slept on board, and also walked on the bridge, and went into the wheelhouse where the patient had been confined, and yet *he* was allowed to go up to Melbourne next day, so it was a perfect farce to detain us. But we were told we should have to remain eight days where we were. It was a terrible blow. We went ashore, however, every day for a walk, and two or three times

we had a pleasant little picnic in the "Bush." It seemed to me the week would never end, and the fear lest something else might break out on board was terrible—as then we should have been kept twenty-one days. We made a calculation that if everybody on board took an infectious complaint, one after the other at intervals of twenty-one days, we should be detained at the quarantine-ground thirty-six years and eight months. We pleaded hard to be allowed to live on shore, in the very nice houses provided for the "quarantined" people, but we were not permitted to do so. It was a great risk keeping us in the ship at anchor all those days. It happened to be the Easter holidays when we were in quarantine, and the great treat was for the Melbourne people to flock down in excursion steamers. They sailed round and round us, chaffing us considerably. Their bands always played "Cheer, boys, cheer," which may have been thoughtful on their part, but it was impossible for us to comply with their invitation. We had nothing to cheer about—quite the reverse. Five of us went to bathe off the pier every morning. I believe it was rather rash, as it is said to be a terrible place for sharks, but we were very careful, and always had somebody on the look-out. The week before we were there a man, and the week after, a Newfoundland dog were devoured by sharks. We only saw a small shark alive, and two large ones lying dead on the shore. The water was delightfully clear, and it was a great treat to bathe in the open sea. At last on Sunday, the 8th of April, at half past eight o'clock, that most objectionable of all flags, the yellow, was hauled down, and we were then considered clean. We shouldn't have got off even then if old Dr. M—— had been at home, but happily he was away. He is the medical officer of health in Melbourne, and being very cautious, always detains the people in quarantine as

long as he can, in fact "he is mighty partickler." Soon after breakfast the P. and O. steamer "China" came alongside and took off our Sydney passengers, and at eleven a.m. we set off for Melbourne. At about four we arrived at Williamstown, where a special train was in waiting to convey us to our destination. I never was so glad to get to a city before. How I did enjoy my dinner and a bed, the latter a thing I had not known for so many weeks. It was such a relief to find oneself amidst white people, in English-built houses, with papered walls, to have English money, and hear English spoken. Nothing could have been more uncomfortable than the voyage out in the "Bangalore." All the servants were Portuguese, speaking hardly any English, and were besides very stupid by nature. If you had seen the broken china and glass, the effects of the rolling of the ship, you would have been amused; it was all collected one day in the saloon, literally thousands of pieces, but the P. and O. charges are so enormously high, they can well afford a little loss in the way of china. For the voyage from Galle to Melbourne they charge 40*l.*

LETTER X.

MELBOURNE AND VICTORIA.

8th to 30th April, 1877.

"Thrice their weight in gold."

JOHN FERRIAR.

THE MELBOURNE CLUB,
MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.
April 30th, 1877.

TO-DAY I sail for New Zealand, but must send you a short account of Victoria before I go. The day after I landed here I dined at Government House, and spent a very pleasant evening. I sat next to Lady Bowen, and we had much talk after dinner. We had some charming music from her and Miss Bowen; and then, with the exception of the Governor and myself, all the others played billiards. Sir George gave me all kinds of information about the colony, and told me where to go and what to see. A day or two afterwards Mr. Clarke came and carried me off to his place at Sunbury, about twenty-four miles from Melbourne, a magnificent house with a collection of priceless treasures. I remained there a few days, and then returned here. Certainly this is a wonderful town, when you consider that it is only forty years old. It stands on the river Yarra-Yarra, and a nasty dirty river it is too. Some of the edifices are magnificent, and so are the churches—of which there are a wonderful number. Parliament House is unfinished, and likely to remain so. There is a very fine public library, which contains about 90,000 volumes. Melbourne seems well supplied with omnibuses, waggonettes, cars, and hansoms. Driving about is, however, very expensive; while as for hiring carriages, the charge is almost prohibitory; one for the day

costs 3*l.*, and for the afternoon only 1*l.* 15*s.* The principal streets are Bourke and Collins Street. Elizabeth Street lies very low, and in rainy weather is impassable for foot-passengers. Government House is a hideous building, exactly like a factory, but the "living" rooms into which I peeped looked very comfortable. The dressing of the ladies is outrageous, for our very worst fashions are here carried to the greatest extremes. The hats are "too awful," and a construction which the inhabitants call "Gainsborough" is chiefly in vogue at present. This fabric is not at all the head-dress we know by that name, being twice as large, and covered *inside* and out with gardens of flowers and other adornments, some of the feathers and trails of flowers curling *round* the neck of the fair wearer. I saw two or three exceptions to this rule of bad dressing, but these ladies obtain everything they wear from Paris or London direct. I am not going to bother you with Melbourne statistics, which, like those of every other place, cannot be relied on; but suffice it to say that the increase of the town has been enormous. Mining and the yield of gold have decreased, but farming and industrial resources are rapidly developing. Victoria being usually regarded as the Antipodes of Great Britain, the seasons might be expected to correspond inversely, but the British and Victorian climates differ widely, particularly in degrees of heat and cold, and in the amount of rainfall. At the hot season, in December, the thermometer frequently ranges from 100° to 108°; at the coldest, in July, it has been down to 29°, but it very rarely falls below freezing-point, and the mean temperature in winter is 48°. Especially delightful here are the cloudless sky and the bright sun tempered by refreshing breezes. The salubrity of the climate is clearly shown by the absence of many diseases sadly common at home. All the most excellent fruits grow here in

abundance, and are marvellously cheap: green figs, peaches, strawberries, and all kinds of good pears. The finest white Muscatel grapes, with as good a flavour as I have ever tasted in England, are only fourpence a pound. Everybody tells me that from March to May is the pleasantest season here, so I am very glad I came at this time. Snakes are said to be very numerous in Australia, but I am happy to say that I have never even seen one. Now and then you see beautiful birds, of the most brilliant plumage.

I made a little tour through Victoria to the principal gold-fields. The first place I went to was Ballarat. It is in the county Grenville, rather more than one hundred miles from Melbourne, and is the centre of the richest gold-yielding district in the world. The whole town is lit with gas. As usual the banks and churches are by far the handsomest buildings. The latter seem very numerous for so small a town, and some of them belong to such extraordinary sects. Thus the "Bible Christians" have four churches, and the "Disciples of Christ" two. It wasn't until 1851 that gold was discovered at Ballarat, and it was at Bakery Hill, near there, that the largest nugget ever found was obtained. It was found at a depth of 180 feet, and weighed 1217 ounces, and was called the "Welcome Nugget:" there is a model of it which I have often seen in a shop-window in the Strand in London. After leaving Ballarat I went on to Clunes, in the county Talbot, 120 miles north-west of Melbourne, a rather small place, containing about 7000 inhabitants. The principal mine of the Gold-Mining Company is there. Mr. R. H. B——, to whom I had letters, most courteously conducted me all over it. I had to be very careful how I walked in and out of all the intricate machinery arrangements, or I might have easily been dragged in. The noise was something

awful. I should like to have carried off a few of the bars of gold, they looked so tempting, and were worth 800*l.* each. As it was "melting day" I saw the whole process of purifying. At night I dined with Mr. and Mrs. B——, who were most kind. They gave me, by the way, some *cream;* I hadn't seen such a thing all the months that I had been away from home: in India and Ceylon there was none, and Melbourne evidently doesn't affect the luxury. I enjoyed my little visit to Clunes very much.

After leaving Clunes I went on to Sandhurst (called Bendigo formerly), one of the leading towns of Victoria. The main street is called Pall Mall. Amongst the many churches there, there is one called "The Spiritualist," but what its characteristic tenets may be I don't know. I returned from Sandhurst on the 23rd of April, and a day or two afterwards the English mail arrived, bringing me heaps of welcome letters, and much news.

Two or three days ago I was present at a trial which has excited a great deal of interest in Melbourne. Mr. Serjeant Sleigh, so well known at home, was conducting the case on one side, and I could not help noticing the extraordinarily different manner in which counsel behave here and in England. The Serjeant, who is extremely courteous, treated the counsel on the opposite side with great civility, but two of them seemed to resent the effect attendant upon the Serjeant's eloquence, and abused him coarsely, without the smallest provocation. I am bound to say the Serjeant told me afterwards that the elder of the two had apologized for his conduct; not so Mr. P——, the other barrister, and yet anything more discourteous than his language I never heard. The Serjeant, finding it was no use arguing with him, turned to him and said, "You have behaved to me in a manner very different to that which we are accustomed to use towards each other at home in England, and I

shall treat henceforth your remarks with no more respect than they deserve." But of course such behaviour was the exception, as the members of the bar generally received the Serjeant with open arms.

Commander Mandeville has been staying here during the whole of my visit; he is full of information, having travelled much, sketches beautifully, and is altogether a most pleasant companion.

LETTER XI.

FROM MELBOURNE TO WELLINGTON.

6th May to 14th August, 1877.

"There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the WOODEN WALL."

LONGFELLOW.

THE WELLINGTON CLUB,
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND,
August 14th, 1877.

TO-DAY I leave New Zealand, after a stay of nearly four months in the interesting and hospitable colony, for Sydney, New South Wales; and the prospect of a probably stormy voyage, for I am no favourite of Neptune, and Æolus, rises before me with some terror. On the passage hither from Melbourne the sea was so invariably rough, and the vessel so very lively, as to be nearly the death of me. Indeed I never left my cabin once until we anchored at the Bluff, the first New Zealand port at which we touched. This is an uninteresting little place of only three or four houses, and requires no notice. Thence we proceeded to Port Chalmers, eight miles N.E. of Dunedin. After remaining there a few hours we steamed off for Lyttelton, the port of Christchurch. Lyttelton is a picturesque little town, built chiefly on the slope of the hill which faces you as you enter the harbour. It has a population, I believe, of nearly 4000. I went from Lyttelton to Christchurch by train. The railroad is only eight miles long, and nevertheless is one of the grandest engineering works in the world, since it runs for two and a half miles in a tunnel pierced through the chain of hills, ranging from 500 to 1500 feet high, which here forms a continuous barrier between the sea-shore and the wide plains of the interior.

There is little of the romantic about Christchurch itself, which is built on a dead level, but the scenery around is pretty, and the snow-capped mountains in the distance present a grand appearance. Although the situation of Christchurch is more convenient than picturesque, the town contains a few fine buildings, chiefly churches or banks. The climate is considered singularly healthy, but I should scarcely have supposed it so. At any rate it is both colder and damper than I was prepared to find it. It is true that my experience refers to the winter climate, and it is true also that when a fine day did occur, the air was wonderfully exhilarating. Not unfrequently in a morning I awoke to find myself in a dense fog, that would have done credit to a London November, but it always cleared off as the day advanced, and then the sun would shine out warm and bright.

The usual courteous hospitality of a British Colony made no default in New Zealand. I had scarcely arrived when I was made an honorary member of both the Christchurch clubs. That at which I stayed, though not certainly magnificent in its appointments, was very comfortable. Several houses, too, were always open to me, especially that of the Murray-Aynsleys, whose kindness indeed was inexhaustible. I was present at two balls, during the week which the Governor, on his way from Wellington, spent at the club; but this almost sums up my experience of the Christchurch gaieties. The first of these, an Assembly Ball, was comparatively aristocratic, attended by the *élite* of the beauty and fashion of the town and neighbourhood; the other, given by the citizens to the Governor, was of a somewhat more *bourgeois* character, and was great fun. Almost immediately on his entrance, Lord Normanby, as was natural, asked the Mayoress to dance the first quadrille with him. Her reply must have amused him, for it was simply,—

"I can't, sir."

His Excellency, however, merely expressed regret, and then, turning to the Mayor, said,—

"You, I hope, will dance with Lady W——, and be my *vis-à-vis?*"

But here again the great man was met by a rebuff:—

"I can't, sir. I've brought my partner with me."

These unexpected obstacles rather put things in a muddle, and it was full twenty minutes before we could arrange ourselves for a start.

They have a good pack of hounds at Christchurch, but no foxes, though this want is no impediment to hard riding, and men are perfectly happy in risking their necks "after a red herring." One poor fellow was killed in this way while I was there; and indeed, serious accidents seem to be abnormally frequent, even for a hunting-field. I believe that in Madagascar the people train cattle (oxen) for riding. I do not mention it as an ordinary practice; but nevertheless, at Christchurch, I saw a young man riding a sheep. Nor did he seem to be doing it for a joke, as a child might playfully get astride of a Newfoundland dog: he seemed to be using the animal seriously as a means of getting lazily from one place to another. Whether he profited much in convenience by his expedient is another matter; for his woolly steed, though it might be thought unable to carry him, proved quite capable of throwing him, which it did in my sight, handsomely, twice.

The first steam-roller imported into Christchurch, arrived while I was there, and I was surprised at the intensity of the interest it excited. All day long for the first fortnight it was surrounded by crowds who pressed upon it so closely as seriously to interfere with its working. By-the-bye, the first step in

repairing roads, i. e. streets, here is to plough them up, just as we do fields in England.

We hear of "frisky matrons" at home, but it is in the colonies that the species is seen in its finest development. In the infancy of a settlement, while the softer sex is still in inadequate proportion, one can understand that exemption on the score of age from the active duties of the ballroom should be grudgingly accorded to anything in petticoats. There could often be no dancing at all, if autumnal ladies, who might elsewhere be held excused from the exercise, did not kindly condescend to renew the vivacity of their spring. But in the colonies the practice has long survived its necessity; and it strikes the visitor from Europe as very odd to see possible grandmothers, ladies at any rate with hair (by no means prematurely) grey, careering away through every round dance.

Of course the question which every stranger in New Zealand puts to himself is—"To what classes of English people does the colony offer an advantageous field for emigration?" As to one class there can be no hesitation about the answer: New Zealand is the very Paradise of domestic servants. "Good Americans," we all know, "go to Paris when they die;" wise housemaids would go to New Zealand while they live. They have the advantages both of dependence and independence. It is not only that they are highly paid and luxuriously fed, without risk or responsibility on their part; but that they are spared the necessity of paying for this protection by any servility or even deference. It may be said that they take their mistresses on approval, not their mistresses them. Woe to the lady who should venture to find fault with her Abigail: the chances are she will have to do her household work for some time herself. The girl would probably be off on the spot, and in that case would have

not the smallest difficulty in obtaining another place at once, where the mistress, if she be wise, will prove more submissive. *Punch* makes great fun of London housemaids who stipulate "for Thursday nights out, because on these evenings they take their music lesson;" but even in London housemaids have not yet discovered that regular riding exercise is indispensable. Nor is it only the housemaids who in New Zealand figure *en Amazone;* a lady told me that whenever her cook's "young man" came to see her, he invariably brought a fiery palfrey with side-saddle for the use of his lady love. On the other hand, New Zealand is by no means the country for the "Jeames" class. Indeed, except in clubs, in-door men-servants are quite unknown. But if a man is prepared to give himself to hard physical out-door work, and can trust himself to abstain from drink, he may pretty safely come to New Zealand. He will be able to bring up his family in all essential comfort for his station, and possibly see his children attain, and fill worthily, a station much higher than his own. Wages are very high, even allowing for the higher price of clothes and some other commodities of European manufacture. Indeed, the higher cost of imported necessaries is much more than compensated by the cheapness of the first necessary of all, food. Beef and mutton are seldom more than fourpence a pound, while wages range from eight to twelve shillings a day. Here is evidently a large margin for the industrious and sober labourer to accumulate a reasonable provision for the future. But temperance is indispensable. Drink is the curse of New Zealand. The amount of drunkenness I saw with my own eyes was something appalling. Nor, I regret to say, was it by any means confined to the lowest class of people. I saw several, in fact a great many, instances of men who should have felt bound to a moderate decorum by their

position in the colony, undermining their health, endangering their prosperity, and compromising their character by an insane indulgence in drink. I have seen men, in the course of my visits to sheep-stations, regarding whom I was assured, and believe, that when they had received their wages (often 40*l.* and upwards) they would go straight off to the nearest public-house, lay the cheque down on the counter, and tell the landlord to let them know when they "had drunk it out." And some of these men were by birth gentlemen. Parents at home are often to be blamed in this matter. It is a superstition with many fathers in England that their ne'er-do-well son is just the one to do well in the colonies, and that the black sheep of the family must inevitably make a rapid fortune as sheep-farmer in New Zealand or Australia. There could not be a greater or more fatal mistake. The prizes of the colonies are not to the rollicking, but to those who combine enterprise and energy with steadiness. The notion that idle, self-indulgent scapegraces of good family are the material just suited for a British colony, in the stage of development which Australia and New Zealand have reached, is an error which cannot be too contemptuously exposed. These well-born scapegraces are much more likely to find their way into a colonial jail, or to die prematurely a drunkard's death. Comparatively short as my stay was in New Zealand, two distressing instances of this came under my own observation. Indeed, while I believe that a hardy and handy labouring man, if sober, can hardly help prospering in New Zealand, I should be shy of recommending young gentlemen to emigrate thither, whatever their freedom from defects of character, unless they possess some (and some considerable) capital. You will say that a steady, sensible young fellow with capital would be safe to make his way in England. You are quite right; and, as a rule, no

young man above the class which depends on manual labour, will succeed in New Zealand who is not qualified to succeed in England. Nevertheless men with brains and money, *and a certain robustness of temperament*, are likely to make a fortune *more quickly* in New Zealand than in England. In this case the wisest course for a man to pursue will be to begin by paying a handsome premium to some large landowner, under whose auspices he may learn all the work of an "up-country" business. After a few years of this, if he has reconciled himself to colonial life, he may prudently buy land for himself with the remainder of his capital, which will in the meantime have been returning him good interest, and a few years more may, with fairly good fortune, see him a moderately rich man. Thus, if I may risk a more circumstantial opinion, I think that a young fellow, *of the right sort*, starting in New Zealand at the age of twenty-five with a capital of 10,000*l.*, ought at forty-five to be worth at least (say) 50,000*l.* But, as I have before insisted, the young settler must be of the right tone and temper, or else he will be an encumbrance on his capital (which would do better without him), instead of its best steward. He must be able to find a positive relish in rugged, independent ways, and must be altogether free from the fastidiousness which London society engenders. The saying that *délicatesse n'est que faiblesse* is as true as truth itself of colonial life; and if a man be afflicted with cultured and refined tastes he had better suppress their manifestation, except when occasionally in intercourse with people similarly burdened, and of his own caste. There are, no doubt, many persons of good education and good breeding in New Zealand—more perhaps than one would expect. Still, they are after all a very small minority. Nor are they by any means chiefly found in the highest class of the colony for wealth and

political influence. Some of the most prominent personages are, intrinsically, mere boors; while men of good English or Scottish families, often possessing considerable intellectual cultivation, and even accomplishments, turn up unexpectedly in positions where refinement might seem thrown away. In such cases, far from any parade being made of acquirements, there is often an affectation of extra roughness, as if in deference to the notion, which the coarser multitude of colonials would gladly get accepted, that polish is effeminate, and that sterling honesty must be uncouth.

I am far from attributing it as a crime to the colony that literature and intellectual pursuits seem to be an insignificant and disregarded part of life, and I record it only as I would anything else which I thought I had observed. I know that people do not go to the Antipodes to be *dilettantes*. The work of a new settlement cannot be done in kid gloves. With, however, of course, a sprinkling of exceptions it is, or seemed to me, the fact that among the felt wants of New Zealand that of food for the mind holds a very small place. It is rare to see a man reading, at least reading a book, or anything but a local newspaper. It is natural perhaps, but it struck me at first as odd, that local politics should so completely eclipse great British Imperial topics, and European questions, in interest. It is quite right that the colonists should think first of their own affairs, but I could not help speculating whether they might not manage even these the more wisely, for occasionally raising their thoughts beyond them. As it is, land, cattle, and sheep—sheep, cattle, and land—with the discussions in the local Parliament on these subjects, and the elections to that Parliament, seemed to constitute the beginning, middle, and end of conversation in New Zealand. In other countries people are glad to banish "shop"

from the discourse at meals, or in the evening, but here no other subjects appear to have any interest. Accordingly, after my first curiosity regarding the great features and burning questions of the country, had been satisfied, I found the ordinary talk of the place inexpressibly wearisome; and the relief was great on coming occasionally across persons familiar with the conditions of life elsewhere.

It is ungracious to find so much fault with a country in which I was so kindly treated, but I must mention a peculiarity which struck me very disagreeably. This is the almost universal rudeness and ill-manners of the children.

Farming, trade, and local politics must needs be very engrossing for the men, and household cares and the humouring of refractory servants for the ladies, to account for the neglect in which the children are allowed to grow up. I dare say these receive, most of them, some sort of lessons, but they are certainly not taught modesty and obedience. Perhaps obtrusive impertinence in the child is considered the proper apprenticeship for independence in manhood. I had come at last to accept the nuisance of these *enfants terribles* as somehow a condition of the climate, when a visit to the Wynn-Williams, at their beautiful place in Christchurch, showed me that it was quite possible for children to be becomingly brought up even in New Zealand. The boys in that well-ordered family were frank and spirited, without being rude, and the girls gentle and engaging, yet without affectation.

Another visit which has supplied me with unmixedly pleasant reminiscences was that which I paid to the princely domain of Glenmark. It was from this estate that all the extant bones and relics which prove the former existence of the *Moa*, the gigantic bird of New Zealand, were derived.

There are some noble estates in New Zealand belonging to non-resident proprietors. Thus the Duke of Manchester is owner of a large tract of fine land which may be expected within a short time to prove a very lucrative property. Indeed, if a non-resident capitalist could be certain of securing the services of a faithful and capable manager, there would hardly be anywhere, I think, a surer and more profitable investment of money than in the purchase of land and stock in New Zealand.

One is apt to attribute the disesteem under which literature and the elegancies of life labour in the colony to the absorbing strain of business. You forgive (though you may regret) the absence of some of the amenities of life, in consideration of the earnest and unceasing struggle which the colonists are waging with its necessities. But I found a difficulty in harmonizing this theory with the trivial excuses on which Christchurch would decree a general suspension of business. Notwithstanding the deference which the Parliament of Great Britain still submits to pay to the Derby, it would be thought queer if a Bank Holiday were proclaimed, and the House of Commons omitted its sitting, every time that Westminster School played a cricket-match with Charterhouse. Yet this would pretty nearly correspond with what does take place at Christchurch, New Zealand. Stores are closed, and all business must stand over, in order that all colonists may have the opportunity of seeing the champions of two clubs or schools kick each other's shins at football. Perhaps the attraction of these contests lies in their danger, for within the last nine weeks three boys have been *killed* at football.

Between my two visits to Christchurch I interpolated excursions to Dunedin and Wellington. The passage to Dunedin is ordinarily performed in from sixteen to eighteen hours, but in

my case it took more than thirty. Of course, as usual, I nearly died. My voyages may seem to some hacknied, not to say cockneyfied; but, if my sufferings from sea-sickness were duly credited to me, I should take rank among the hardiest navigators of the globe. Dunedin, the capital of Otago, struck me as being the busiest and most energetic of the New Zealand towns. Possibly this may result from its being *par excellence* the Scottish settlement. Scotchmen certainly seem to preponderate in the population. Here, as almost everywhere in the British colonies, the churches are the most conspicuous edifices, indeed the only ones on which it is thought incumbent to incur much architectural outlay—a fact which cannot be considered other than honourable to the colonists. There are two bishops, Anglican and Roman Catholic, at Dunedin, but I imagine that the great majority of residents must be Presbyterian. I found the Dunedin Club exceedingly comfortable and well-managed, and I paid some delightful visits in the neighbourhood—one, to Mr. F. A. at Timaru, and one to Mr. M—— at Oamaru. The only drawback from my enjoyment at Dunedin was the intense cold. The snow lay thick on the ground, and I was told that "curling" had been practised for seventeen consecutive days, a thing which seldom occurs in Scotland. Notwithstanding, though I cannot praise the winter climate of Dunedin, I would fain have prolonged my stay there if it had been possible.

Wellington is now the seat of Government, and as Parliament was sitting when I arrived, the little town was at its fullest. It was also very gay, and balls took place almost nightly. I forget the subjects on which the debates ran in the House of Representatives when I was at Wellington, but they were not so engrossing but that whenever a member gave a dance the House considerately adjourned. The climate of Wellington,

though not so cold as that of Dunedin, seemed to me still more detestable. The place is in a chronic gale of wind. They say you can tell a Wellington man all the world over by his habit of holding his hat on with both hands, a precaution so indispensable and habitual in Wellington, that he can never cease to practise it, although unnecessary, elsewhere. During my short stay I passed a most agreeable evening at Government House, when I had the satisfaction of being able to give Lady Normanby comparatively recent tidings of some mutual friends. A favourite lounge of mine was the excellent library attached to the House of Assembly, where I spent many happy hours among all the newest books and periodicals.

One day while at Wellington there was a perceptible shock of earthquake, the only one I have ever experienced. It was not, however, severe enough to be alarming.

You will have observed that my experiences of New Zealand are chiefly confined to the Middle Island. The climate of the northern, in which Auckland, the old capital, is situated, is much milder, and indeed in parts semi-tropical. I should probably, therefore, have found it much more agreeable. My residence in New Zealand fell moreover in winter, which there, as in England, is the severe season. So far then as my experience goes, I pronounce the climate of New Zealand abominable—always in extremes and nothing long. The changes of temperature are so sudden that you cannot guard against them by precautions of clothing. It is not only that one day will be hot and the next bitterly cold, but that portions of the same day are suddenly and alternately melting and icy. In the same way, one day will be quite calm, and the next it will blow a hurricane. I make an exception, however, with regard to Wellington, for there the hurricane is perpetual. I suppose, notwithstanding, from the

generally healthy and vigorous look of the colonists, that the New Zealand climate must be more favourable to the physical constitution of Englishmen than to their comfort. Vegetation also prospers in it. The timber is in places superb, and the foliage almost everywhere luxuriant. The tree-fern is found in great abundance, and an unusual proportion of the trees and shrubs are evergreen. In justice to the colony I should notice its happy exemption from venomous reptiles and insects, and that, while poor in the department of *fauna*, its *flora* is very rich. Some of the birds, such as the Paradise ducks, can hardly be excelled for the beauty of plumage.

One of the respects in which New Zealand is most backward is convenient and expeditious means of locomotion. The speed of a railway (where there is one) does not exceed sixteen miles an hour, yet the fares are very high. The roads, and the coaches which ply on them, are alike execrable; while the coasting steamers are much too small, and ill-provided with horse-power, for such stormy seas.

Few people, I believe, know by how narrow a chance it was that the Middle (and largest) Island of New Zealand became an English instead of a French colony. It was a very similar case to that of the occupation of Perim—a question of promptitude; and we stole a march on our rivals.

Until the year 1840, the Middle Island, though frequented by the whalers of all nations, had not been formally annexed by the Government of any. It was more than suspected, however, in the spring of that year that an expedition, fitting out in the southern ports of France, was intended for New Zealand. Warning was accordingly transmitted from England to the Governor of New South Wales, and by him to the Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, who was at that time Captain Hob-

son, R.N. The latter lost not an instant in distributing proclamations of the Queen's sovereignty at the principal ports of the Middle and Southern Islands. And it was well he had shown this promptitude, for only a few days after he had done so there arrived a French man-of-war, "L'Aube" corvette (*Capitaine de vaisseau* Lavaud) at the Bay of Islands, then the seat of Government of the Northern Island; and about the same time (August, 1840) a French merchant-vessel, "Le Comte de Paris," made her appearance at Banks's Peninsula (Middle Island) with male and female emigrants on board, together with stores of all sorts, even to cannon for the armament of a fort. Captain Lavaud's annoyance, at hearing from the English Lieutenant-Governor that his purpose had been divined and forestalled, may be imagined; but he was an officer of great tact and judgment, and behaved with both prudence and dignity. Although there was no British naval force in those waters able to resist his magnificent corvette for an hour, he accepted provisionally Captain Hobson's assurance, that due assertion of Her Britannic Majesty's sovereignty had been made, while he referred to his own Government for further instructions. The French ministry of the day recognized the *fait accompli;* the French emigrants were re-embarked for their native country; and the Middle Island became what it now is, a flourishing, and in every way creditable British colony.

LETTER XII.

SYDNEY, N.S.W.

14th August to 5th September, 1877.

"These are marvels which man,
Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,
Can scarcely dream of, which his eye must see
To know how beautiful this world can be."

MOORE.

THE UNION CLUB,
SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
Wednesday, September 5th, 1877.

WE arrived here on the night of the 20th August, after a five days' voyage from Wellington in the "Wakatipu," a small vessel of about 1000 tons—an excellent sea-boat. Sir Matthew Wood, and Colonel Longley were also on board, and the former was even a worse sailor than I—which comforted me greatly. For three days we had tremendous storms, and it was therefore with sincere delight that we saw the Macquarie Lighthouse at Sydney Head. It is distinctly visible at twenty-five miles distance. It was the most perfect night, and therefore the captain's account of the foundering of the "Dunbar," at the Heads which we were just approaching, did not in any way alarm us. Moreover, it happened very long ago, that same day twenty years before, viz. 20th August, 1857. It was certainly an awful catastrophe, and as far as I remember the story it was, that when the "Dunbar" arrived off the coast it was blowing a hurricane, and so dark that it was impossible even to attempt an entrance. It was not then known in Sydney that the ship was anywhere near the land, but next morning the sea was dashing portions of a wreck, and the bodies of men, women, and children, on to the rocks, and this was enough to show that some terrible disaster had happened. A mail-bag, washed

ashore, at length informed the townspeople that it was the "Dunbar" that had gone down. Two days afterwards a man was discovered on a ledge of rock many hundred feet below the top of the cliffs. A rope was let down, which he tied round his body, and thus James Johnson, the *only survivor* of the "Dunbar" was drawn up. He had, it appears, been thrown on to the rocks by the waves and left there, but he was quite unable to give any account of how it all happened. A more miraculous escape has never been known: there was an immense number of passengers on board, and all perished but this man. The bodies were gathered together, and on the 24th August, 1857, there was a public funeral, and business was entirely suspended. You may imagine that after this the entrance to the Heads at Sydney will always be a memorable spot. The harbours (for there are many of them) are unrivalled. Nothing could have been more beautiful than the night on which we arrived. The sea was like glass, and a brilliant moon was shining as we glided up the harbour, calm as a peaceful lake. It was a scene never to be forgotten. I have never seen Rio; I have been told that it is the finest harbour in the world, but more exquisite than Sydney I do not believe it possible to be. The latter is marvellously adapted for a port, and the expanse of water is certainly magnificent; in fact it is almost hopeless to convey an idea of the beauty of the Sydney harbours to any one who has not seen them. I don't suppose the suburbs of any other city in the world could surpass in loveliness the scenery which surrounds Sydney. The luxuriant green of the hills, the splendid houses, situated in grounds of both natural and artificial beauty, combined to form a view which I have never seen equalled in any other part of the world. The gardens are filled with fruit-trees and plants from every clime,

"Here's a good world!
——— Knew you of this fair work?"
KING JOHN.

The town itself has many fine buildings, but it is the surroundings which make Sydney the place it is. The climate seems to be most uniform. Semi-tropical and tropical plants and fruits grow here and all over New South Wales. It seems to possess a double climate, with English fruits growing in one place and oranges in another. My advice to my friends is, that if they wish to escape the English winter, they should come out here in one of the Orient line of steamers, nearly 4000 tons, and by far the largest vessels between England, Sydney, and Melbourne. It only takes forty days, and I can't imagine anything more enjoyable than the trip out here, and if time be no object, the homeward voyage could be so easily made *viâ* Torres Strait, China, and Japan, crossing from thence to California and America. Sydney is very well off for recreation-grounds for the people. Some of the parks are very fine; the principal one is the "Domain," of 138 acres; on the east is the town and Bay of Woolloomoolo. That's a nice thing in names, isn't it? Most unfortunately the native trees, Eucalypti and Banksias, are now fast dying out, but still there are many of exquisite foliage. From the "Domain" you enter the Botanic Gardens, about forty acres in extent, forming a kind of semi-circle round Farm Cove, the bay where at present are an English, French, and German man-of-war. In the centre of the Gardens are some splendid specimens of *auricaria excella;* there is also a wonderful collection of palms. Another place of resort is "Hyde Park," at the principal entrance to which is a very fine statue of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, with the inscription—

"FROM THE PEOPLE OF NEW SOUTH WALES
"TO ALBERT THE GOOD,
"CONSORT OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1866."

There are several more public grounds: "Victoria Park," "Prince Alfred's Park," "Belmore Gardens," &c., &c. The Governor and Lady Robinson were most hospitable. Government House is Elizabethan in style, and the grounds are beautifully laid out. It adjoins the "Domain" and Botanic Gardens, and the views from the windows are very fine. The dining-room pictures are entirely portraits of former governors. I drove out daily, and the panoramic views upon which I came at every turn were alone worth a visit to Sydney. One afternoon I spent with the Bloxsome's, who have a lovely place at North Shore, and another day I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hill at Woolhara. I had heard at home how magnificent their place was, and certainly the account was not exaggerated. As for the Orchids, Maiden-hair, and other rare ferns, all growing quite wild, they were a sight never to be forgotten. Nothing could exceed their beauty, and my floral taste was amply gratified. Mr. Hill knows the name of every plant in his collection, which, as it numbers thousands, is somewhat remarkable. I was very sorry to leave his beautiful place, he and Mrs. Hill were so very kind to me. She was full of inquiries about many people, especially Mr. Eliot Yorke, who, when he was in Sydney some years ago, seems to have been a great favourite, which is not surprising.

Sydney is very well off for theatres, and they are crowded nightly. The day the "City of Sydney" left for San Francisco, the Vice-President of the colony to which she belongs gave a sumptuous luncheon on board to a few of his friends: it was a most pleasant party, and the steamer is such a magnificent one,

that I felt inclined to give up further travel and return home then and there. It is now the middle of winter, but notwithstanding this, strawberries are plentiful. This will give you a faint idea of what the Sydney climate is. There are several good newspapers published here; one, a daily called the *Sydney Morning Herald*, is a first-rate paper; others, weekly ones, are also admirable, although now and then a little shaky in their advertisements. I was not a little astounded to read the following announcement (the italics are mine): "To be sold, a seven-octave piano, the property of *a lady leaving for England, with beautifully carved legs*, and in a remarkably elegant case."

To-day I leave Sydney with far more regret than any place I have yet been to. The more I see of the colonies the more astonished I am at the deplorable ignorance of people at home of the magnificence and importance of Sydney, Melbourne, &c., &c.; whereas with regard to India it is thought a great deal more of at home than it deserves. People have, however, only to come out and see for themselves to show them what a disappointing country it is, and how they have been misled regarding it. My plan for the voyage is by the mail steamer "Brisbane," *vid* Queensland and Torres Straits, to Singapore and China. I have been warned against it as a very dangerous track, but I must "just trust to Providence and another woman," as the Scotchman said; certainly there have been a deplorable number of accidents by this line, two total wrecks within a few months, but—

> "Our course is chosen, spread the sail,
> Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
> Look to the helm, good master, many a shoal
> Marks this stern coast, and rocks where sits the Siren,
> Who like ambition lures men to their ruin."
>
> THE SHIPWRECK.

LETTER XIII.

VOYAGE TO CHINA.

6th September to 4th October, 1877.

There's a sweet little cherub
  That sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

DIBDIN, "POOR JACK."

THE HONG-KONG CLUB,
HONG-KONG, CHINA,
Thursday, October 4th, 1877.

CHIN! CHIN!

LEAVING Sydney on the 6th September, we anchored in Moreton Bay, twenty-five miles from Brisbane, the chief town of Queensland, on the night of the 8th. Our steamer, though called the "Brisbane," was debarred by its too great size (1700 tons) from nearer approach to the place from which it was named. I object to steam-launches on water rougher than a mill-pond: nevertheless, as I could not pass the capital of Queensland without a visit, I trusted myself to one for two hours and a half, and an interminable time it seemed. Passing the night on land, I devoted the next day to an exploration of the town. It is not a large place, the population being under 30,000, and yet it contains about one-sixth of the total population of the colony, although this embraces an area six times as great as that of Great Britain and Ireland. The cotton of Queensland is said to be the best in the world—better than the very finest American; but I believe that hitherto sheep and cattle breeding has been the chief industry of the colony. Brisbane possesses a Museum and a few other creditable public buildings, as well as a number of good shops; but a continuous residence there must be, I should think, dreary for persons not totally absorbed in business.

At night we returned to our comfortable ship, and the next morning (Sunday) left our anchorage for Keppel Bay, where we stayed only long enough to land the mails. We touched at Bowen on Tuesday, at Townsville on Wednesday, and Cooktown on Thursday for the same purpose; and then anchored at Somerset, the most northerly port of Queensland, on Saturday, 16th September. Here I landed, and spent some time at the hospitable residence of Mr. and Mrs. C——. Somerset, though containing only four or five houses, is nevertheless the chief depôt for a considerable fleet of vessels engaged in the pearl fishery. The pearls here are, as a rule, not only larger but more perfect in shape and colour than those of Ceylon, and at the same time procurable, I found, at a more reasonable price. Somerset is also one of the few places where *bêche-de-mer* of the finest quality is obtained. When really good, *bêche-de-mer* makes, as any candid alderman would confess, a much better soup than turtle, but the quality varies greatly in different localities.

The whole voyage from Sydney to Singapore is one of great beauty. You are seldom out of sight of land—never for more than two or three days. The vessel threads her way through innumerable lovely islands, and (greatest charm of all to such a fair-weather sailor as myself) the sea is generally like glass. There is, however, a reverse to the bright picture. Along the whole of this beautiful route, *viâ* Torres Straits, you are within an ace of shipwreck, involving a great likelihood of being starved, or in some localities a chance of being yourselves eaten. Those who do not suffer from sea-sickness might almost fancy that immunity from it was dearly purchased by these dangers, but you and I know better. The fact, however, is that this passage has as yet been only imperfectly surveyed, and nume-

rous skeletons of perished vessels mark some, but only a small proportion, of the sunken perils. We passed close to the wreck of the "Singapore," twin vessel to the "Brisbane," in which we were. The "Singapore" struck on a coral rock last February, and has now nearly gone to pieces. Within the last twelvemonth another equally fine vessel has been totally lost in the same waters, and many others, though not absolutely lost, sustained serious injury. When our captain slept, or took his meals during the passage of the straits, I could not discover. He was always at his post on the bridge, scanning the water anxiously ahead and on both bows. His vigilance, and the knowledge that he had been a pilot on this line of steamers ever since its establishment (only two years, by-the-bye), gave us much confidence, although his unceasing watchfulness, which never intermitted for an instant, could not but keep us in recollection how very ticklish the navigation was.

The stewards on board the "Brisbane" were all Chinamen, and admirable servants. Their *pidgin* English, though excessively ludicrous, is always intelligible, and their quiet efficiency as waiters might teach a lesson to many a pompous London "Jeames." Had it not been for the hideous multitude and portentous bulk of the cockroaches on board, I could have pronounced the "Brisbane" thoroughly comfortable. The animals in question, however, were decidedly too numerous, and, above all, too large. You cannot pleasantly scrunch a soft, juicy creature as big as a frog. At night, when preparing for bed, I could not avoid being aware of some dozens of the things all about, and until slumber overtook me my last thoughts were always, I fear, cockroaches.

We always had our meals on deck, both for the sake of air, and not to lose even for an unnecessary hour the sight of the

beautiful scenery through which we passed. The evening dinner was especially delightful. Eating became romantic, performed in the roseate light of the gorgeous sunsets of that latitude and season.

Nevertheless, there was no denying it, the voyage from Sydney to Hong-Kong is long. A month is an appreciable fraction of a man's whole life, and the passage took twenty-eight days. Nor was the period sufficiently rich in incidents. One day two small catamaran boats darted out from an island towards the ship, but their object was not piratical. They brought shells, and, so far as we could see without close examination, very beautiful ones, which they desired to barter for bread. Our steamer, since it carried the mails, could not stop for such traffic, but the captain ordered a quantity of loaves to be thrown into the boats without accepting any equivalent. The crews of the catamarans—natives, of course—expressed their gratitude by cries and gestures eloquent with pleasure and surprise. These natives, by-the-bye (two ladies and three gentlemen), were in complete "birthday brown." Not a nose-ring, anklet, or even a tattoo-mark, marred the paradisaical simplicity of their appearance. Their skin, which I have called "brown," was in reality nearly as black as that of the negro, much darker than in the natives of India.

We arrived at Singapore on Wednesday, 26th September, and stayed two days there—long enough to take in a general impression of the place, not nearly long enough thoroughly to appreciate its peculiarities. Visited after the Australian colonies, Singapore offers a striking contrast. The island, altogether not larger than some single Australian estates, gives you the impression of being over-crowded, as those do that of being uninhabited. Its importance is altogether out of proportion to its area. The

trade of Singapore is equal in amount to that of Queensland, double that of Western Australia, in either of which colonies it would be, so far as size is concerned, only an insignificant township. Whereas the population of Queensland is under four to the square mile, that of the island of Singapore is over five hundred to the same area. It is true that by far the greater number of these are Malays and Chinese. Many of the latter are very rich, and the Chinese community is altogether much more powerful and self-asserting than elsewhere (so far as I have yet seen) out of their own country. I was told that, from their faction-fights and secret societies, they occasionally give political trouble. The island is separated from the mainland of the Malay peninsula by a narrow strait, less than a mile broad. A consequence is that tigers, which swarm in the jungles of the mainland, too often swim the strait for the sake of a human meal on one of her Majesty's subjects. The timber, foliage, flowers, and creepers strike one as much the same as those we see in Lower Bengal, and the climate is not dissimilar—a little less hot, perhaps, owing to the sea breeze; but, on the other hand, never quite so cool as it occasionally is in Calcutta. I could not but admire the beautiful little Sumatra ponies. Fine-limbed, with well-bred heads, they have quite an Arab-look, and go like the wind. They would make very good Polo-ponies, but would require riding. The Club at Singapore is not much to boast of, and I took up my quarters by preference at the Hôtel de l'Europe, where the bedrooms were clean, airy, and in every way comfortable, but where the feeding was execrable. Singapore possesses an excellent library, where, during the heat of the day, I enjoyed myself in reading up the English periodicals.

Singapore is the capital and seat of government for the whole of the Straits Settlements, which include Malacca, Penang, and

Wellesley; but the new Governor, Sir W. C. Robinson, had not arrived when I was there, and official ceremonies and entertainments were consequently in abeyance.

The diving-boys of Singapore are supposed to constitute one of its sights. No doubt they are nearly as nimble as fishes in the water, as quick and deadly at a sixpence as the little Arab villains at Aden; but their exhibition is not to be compared to the really wonderful performance in the diving way of the urchins at the Kutub, near Delhi.

On the 29th we left Singapore for Hong-Kong, a stretch of 1480 miles, where we arrived, after a not very interesting voyage, on the 4th October.

CHIN! CHIN!

LETTER XIV.

HONG-KONG.

9th to 12th October, 1877.

" Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain—
The Heathen Chinee is peculiar;
Which the same I would rise to explain."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

THE HONG-KONG CLUB,
HONG-KONG,
October 9th, 1877.

CHIN! CHIN!

THE last four or five days I have been engaged in viewing the lions of the "Fragrant streams" (Hong-Kong), though the fragrant streams themselves I have been unable to discover. If the name of the place had signified "noble harbour," or "picturesque hills," it would have had more obvious propriety. Considering that Hong-Kong, like Singapore, is only a little island—in fact, much smaller than Singapore—its grandiose look is surprising. Both in its situation and in much of its street architecture the town is far more stately than I had anticipated. There is a look of Valetta or some of the old cities on the Italian mainland about parts of Hong-Kong, but Malta can show no harbour so romantic as this, sheltered as it is by lofty and picturesquely shaped hills. Many of the houses of Europeans are quite palatial, and their occupants certainly live like princes. But if, looking at the buildings, you would take Hong-Kong for a European city, you would, looking at the population, suppose it to be purely Chinese—Chinamen are in an such immense majority, I believe that out of 130,000 inhabitants, at least 120,000 are Chinese, while the whites are under 6000. The disproportion between Europeans and Asiatics may be in reality much greater in many Indian cities; but somehow it does not appear so. In India the Europeans never seem lost in the crowd

as they do here. Perhaps it is that the contrast between the white and yellow in complexion is not so striking as that between white and brown; or perhaps, more probably, it is that the Chinaman, by his broader build, more voluminous clothing, heavier tread, and generally more confident bearing, fills more space in the eye than the slender, shrinking, and obsequious Hindoo. But so it is, that whereas in an Indian city it seems quite natural and a matter of course that a handful of Europeans should move as masters, conspicuously among the swarming multitude of natives, here, in Hong-Kong, the English supremacy surprises you, and seems to want explanation. This explanation may certainly be found in the presence in the harbour of some English war-vessels, and on land of some English and sepoy troops. But still the preponderance of Chinese is so enormous that you wonder that there should not be more of a garrison-look about the place, and that English rule should be so secure, quiet, and unostentatious.

But if the Chinese population of Hong-Kong itself, though far larger than that of Singapore, is less turbulent, the same praise of orderliness and quietude cannot be given to the Chinese populations of the vicinity. They say that even now, in the year 1877, all the straits between the numerous islands in the neighbourhood, and every creek in Kow-Loon, the peninsula opposite, swarm with piratical vessels, some of them steamers, eager to make prey of unprotected merchant-ships, and not greatly afraid even of the British cruisers.

The general impression produced by Hong-Kong is, as I have said, striking and grand; but, seen in detail, nothing here gets beyond the queer and curious. There is not much to see; luckily you have little fatigue in seeing it. The ordinary manner of locomotion is in a chair carried by bearers (Chinamen), who are

always so well matched in height, and step so well together, that no C-spring barouche on wooden pavement could go more smoothly. In this way I was able to mount in great comfort some of the surrounding hills in search of the picturesque, which otherwise, perhaps, to my great loss, I might have left unvisited. The view from Victoria Peak (nearly 2000 feet above the sea), embracing the settlement, the harbour with all its shipping, the straits beyond, and the bold background of Kow-loon, is marvellously beautiful. One morning I told my servant to see that the bearers were provided with clean white clothes, as I wished to have them and the chair they carried photographed, in order to give you a better idea than by description of my manner of locomotion. But when we arrived at the photographer's, what was my astonishment to find that not one of them would consent to "let man catchee face." I believe the Chinese generally have a superstitious dislike to sitting for their portraits, and especially when the portrait is to be taken by such a mysterious process as photography. Their superstition, however, is not so inveterate but that money will over-rule it. My men, after a great deal of argument, offered to give their likenesses to the world, provided I would pay them two dollars per man. As this would have added thirty-two shillings to the price of the photograph, I abandoned my intention, and so am unable to send you an authentic representation of my "Coach in China."

The "pidgin-English," of which the above is a specimen, is very amusing—absurd, but seldom unintelligible. No Chinaman can pronounce the letter "r," he always makes it "l." If you want something made quickly, and the shopman is in doubt whether he can finish it in the time, he will turn to his assistant and say,—"What time you tinkey can do?" One day I happened to have a small ring on my neck-scarf. This ring to my surprise

excited great admiration among the Chinamen in all the shops I entered:—"Too much handsome! How much dolla you catchee fol lat? I savy it belong England side: no hab got like lat China side."

The Chinese population of Hong-Kong being so enormous, the wonder is where they live, for the native town covers a comparatively small area. The principal street, Queen's Road, is a very fine one, and contains all the best shops. Prices seemed to me to rule very high in Hong-Kong; and, unlike their countrymen in Calcutta, the Chinamen here generally decline to abate a farthing off their first demand. I might have considered this an indication of probity, were it not that the demand was in many cases so manifestly arbitrary and exorbitant. The chief "curios" of Hong-Kong are carving in ivory, more elaborate than beautiful or useful, and embroidered silks. These latter are wonderful for the intricacy and delicacy of workmanship, and though horribly expensive were quite irresistible. Silk quilts or counterpanes ranged from 15*l.* to 20*l.*, but then they were most exquisitely worked. White silk shawls, embroidered in white, were almost as costly, and quite as irresistible. They don't give things away in Hong-Kong.

Sometimes I was invited by Chinamen to partake of their meals, consisting chiefly of rice. This may have been hospitality on their part, hospitality pure and simple; or it may have been blended with the desire to see a European make a fool of himself with the "chop-sticks." Nothing indeed is more absurd than the sight of an Englishman trying to eat his rice *à la Chinoise* with two chop-sticks. It is a miracle to me how the Chinamen manage it, though they have practised the art from infancy; that any adult European has ever really mastered the process, I utterly disbelieve.

The Chinese, both men and women, seem to me such an ugly race, and they are at the same time so clever and observant, that I find it difficult to believe they are unaware of their ill-favouredness. It cannot be only that their standard of beauty differs from ours. It must be obstinacy or resignation to the inevitable, which makes them pretend to see good looks in each other. They say not exactly, "Evil, be thou my good," but "Deformity, be thou my grace." Yes, if a man pays a compliment to his bride or mistress, it must be in a sort of defiance and despair. We all know what takes place with regard to the women's feet. Not that all women in China, or even most, have their feet compressed into distortion, but a deplorable sight it is. I believe the way in which all girls born in a station of anything like gentility are reared into hobbling crippledom is as follows. All the toes of the feminine baby, except the great toe, are bent under the sole of the foot, and fastened in that position by strong bandages. Thus the foot proper is made to look like a thin continuation of the leg, and the great toe alone has to play the part of foot all to itself. The shoe is made not for the foot, but for the great toe. The consequence is that a Chinese lady or woman, with any self-respect, cannot even hobble without the aid of a stick. It is a mercy for respectable, i. e. deformed women, that carriages and horses are rare in China, or they must often be ridden over. It takes them as long to get from one side of a street to the other as it would, if they were vulgar women, to cross and re-cross it twice over. I believe, however, that even the women we see limping about are not really ladies *comme il faut;* these I am told never appear in the streets at all.

The men in China are certainly not good-looking, but they are a sturdy, stalwart race, and their ready, good-humoured laugh often atones for their grotesque features. In Hong-Kong they

commonly wear out of doors the most wonderful thing in hats you can conceive. In fact they are hats and parasols in one—made of bamboo, and more than a yard in diameter. But the feminine head-dresses are even more wonderful than the masculine, though I am not sure that ladies in Europe have not, at certain epochs, built up their hair into almost equally astounding fabrics. A Chinawoman's hair once constructed into the required bulk and altitude, which is an arduous process, remains untouched for a week or longer; and how they sleep, or lean, or indeed, how they endure themselves at all under the constraint of these terrible structures, I am at a loss to understand. On Chinamen's pigtails I will not discourse, as the subject has often been treated with all the gravity it deserves.

The habits of life among Europeans at Hong-Kong in some respects resemble those of France or of India, more than those of England. For instance, Mr. Innes, whom I found here, and myself were the only two men in the club who ever partook of that nine or ten o'clock meal which in England we call breakfast. The Hong-Kong custom is to have a cup of tea or coffee on first getting up in the morning, but nothing more until one o'clock. Then they have a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, or tiffin, which would be guilty of no arrogance in calling itself a dinner. At any rate it begins with soup, continues through fish and *entrées*, and terminates in dessert, with an obligato accompaniment of wine, beer, &c. I say nothing of the eight o'clock dinner, because, sumptuous though that always is in Hong-Kong, it constitutes no point of difference between English and Anglo-Chinese habits. Would that all English cooks, however, were as skilful in their illustrious profession as the Chinaman chefs of Hong-Kong! This material luxury in which Europeans live in this colony, goes far to explain a singularity which struck me

greatly. Whereas in India the English invariably, and in Australia or New Zealand generally, sigh and yearn for the day when they may be able to return for good to their dear mother-country, there is nothing of this *heimweh* about the Hong-Kongites. They seem quite content with their little island and large meal. *Ubi bene, ibi patria*, is their doctrine. I don't mean that they are unpatriotic, far from it, but their love for, and pride in England do not carry them the length of wishing to return there. Nor do I much wonder at it. Except for a very few unusually fortunate merchants, a return to England must mean the sacrifice of much luxury and stateliness of living, and of much social importance.

Possibly the question may suggest itself to you,—How about opium and its abuse by the Chinese? Well, I heard a good deal about opium-smoking, but I saw nothing. Hateful and debasing as the practice is, there is a decorum about it. It is all carried on within doors, and is noiseless and unobtrusive. Nor did I observe a single case of ordinary drunkenness among the Chinese in Hong-Kong. Would that I could say the same of the Europeans!

Before I conclude this letter, I must jot down a couple of disconnected items:—No. 1. It is almost worth while to come all the way from England to Hong-Kong to taste the mangosteen. It is beyond question the sovereign and emperor of all fruits. And yet I am told that to eat it in perfection, I should have tasted it at Penang. I should like to go to Penang. No. 2. *All* the Chinamen and some (but only some) of the Chinawomen carry fans which, when not using them, they stick into the collar of their coats, whence they protrude at the side of the ear most ludicrously. Oh! I have one more remark to make. I have never once tasted good tea here. The want of cream cannot

altogether account for it. The proverb says that "the shoemaker's wife goes worst shod," and it will henceforth be an article of faith with me that you must not come for good tea to China.

After all, I have said nothing about the Hong-Kong climate. Well, it is not so bad. The middle of the day is hot, no doubt, indeed intensely hot; but the mornings and evenings are extremely enjoyable. Moreover, a good library (such as is attached to the club here), and the society of kind and agreeable friends are great resources against even the hottest and longest day.

LETTER XV.

CANTON.

9th to 20th October, 1877.

"He smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

SHAMEEN, CANTON,
Friday, October 12th, 1877.

CHIN! CHIN!

WE arrived here from Hong-Kong on Tuesday, in the "Kinshan," a fine large American river-steamer. The scenery all along the coast is beautiful. The length of time the voyage takes varies; it occupied us from eight in the morning till two in the afternoon, but sometimes it is considerably longer. I brought letters of introduction to Messrs. Deacon and Co. They insisted on our staying with them, so here we are most comfortably lodged, and with the kindest possible hosts. They have a most charming house, and very beautifully furnished with many rare specimens of that exquisite carving peculiar to Canton, besides which the house is full of all kinds of treasures. The English settlement is called Shameen, and is some distance from the city, with which it is connected by bridges. It is in fact quite like an island, about 2850 feet in length, and 950 at the broadest part. It is here that the small number of Englishmen reside, who are obliged to make their home in Canton. It is a most picturesque little place, and I believe the prettiest settlement in all China. The "Bund," which extends the whole length of the settlement, is a delicious cool walk, and on each side are large fine Banian-trees. The life here is not I think quite so luxurious as at Hong-Kong. I must tell you of a most excellent article of

food, and that is the Canton rice-bird. I had often heard of them, but never believed they could be so good as we have proved them to be. They are a species of ortolan, and their only fault is their size, it is no uncommon thing for the servant to bring you eight upon your plate at once. They are peculiar to Canton, and only to be had in October, when the paddy begins to open. The mosquitos are very bad here, and more troublesome in the day-time than at night. The view from the windows here is very lovely, the flowers, houses, and boats, together with all kinds of craft, combining to make it so.

The day we arrived we did not feel up to the exertion of "doing the city," but next morning, immediately after breakfast, we set off with the guide, and in most comfortable chairs. The city has, I believe, sixteen gates. We saw many wonderful sights. The first place we stopped at was the shop where cat, dog, and rat meat are sold, there you saw all these animals arranged in the windows, like those of a poulterer at home, with a large board hung up in front of the shop, which the interpreter told us meant, "Good black cat always ready." It seems to be a much greater delicacy than cats of any other colour. Little pieces of these unfortunate animals were *tastefully* laid out in small blue saucers. So we might have made our tiffin off them then and there, had we been so minded.

Next we visited two opium dens, where we saw many men and a few women (some with babies on their backs) in various stages of intoxication. The Chinese, when overcome by this terrible habit (which, with gambling, is the chief vice of the country) are never seen out of doors, as Europeans are when tipsy, but remain hidden until they are themselves again. The strings and strings of blind beggars formed a distressing sight. They all hang on to one another, and we often saw twenty at a time, the leader

frequently having lost only one eye. The streets are so narrow that it is almost impossible in some of them to allow of more than one chair being carried past at a time, and the odours are very dreadful. The first temple we went to was that of the 500 genii. It is one of the richest in the city. In the first room are images of the three precious Buddhas, and in the next one a pagoda made of marble. Then comes the hall where these 500 images are, and a horrible spectacle they present, although the different expression on their faces is most amusing. Many of them are made with an arm extending to about the length of three ordinary arms, producing a hideous result, and others are embracing animals that they have tamed.

We went to several more temples, but there is a great sameness about them, and the descriptions would not interest you. From thence we went to the prison, where we saw the wretched prisoners in various stages of torture, but they seemed pretty comfortable considering the discomfort of their surroundings. After seeing all the principal sights, then began the curio buying, some of the shops were very fine, and consisted of several floors, but the prices of the articles were most exorbitant, and you have to bargain greatly. If the thing to be bought is really very good and handsome, the sellers won't come down from the prices originally asked. I did not notice many tempting articles. I think from what I have seen, people travelling abroad buy the most useless and trumpery articles, just because they think they have got a great bargain. It is a great mistake, because when those things arrive at home they are really not appreciated, even taking into consideration the great distance from whence they came. One makes but slow progress through the very crowded Canton streets, and nothing is so fatiguing as sight-seeing and curio-hunting. I very

soon got tired of it. You come in contact with such filthy people, owing to the extreme narrowness of the streets, and the poorer Chinese are not the cleanest race in the world. We walked on the walls for a short time, and then returned here after four hours of sight-seeing, &c., and the first thing I did was to have a bath.

I know if that amiable personage we saw at the Charing Cross Theatre some years ago had been here, he would gladly have offered to assist at my ablutions. He always so persistently asked his admirers that everlasting question, "Me wishee washee you?"

We return to Hong-Kong, and then on the 20th of this month I go by one of the Messagerie steamers to Shanghai. I think Dr. Davis will remain at Hong-Kong for a short time when we go back there.

CHIN! CHIN!

LETTER XVI.

SHANGHAI.

20th to 31st October, 1877.

"Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

Messrs. Maitland and Co.'s,
Shanghai,
Wednesday, October 31st, 1877.

Chin! Chin!

To-day I am off to Japan, but just send a short letter to tell you my movements and doings, such as they are. Of all the voyages I have ever made, that from Hong-Kong here was the most comfortable. I left on Saturday, the 20th October, in the Messagerie steamer "Amazone," and as there were only two or three passengers, we had ample room in unused cabins for luggage, without all the bother of having it put down in "the hold," and getting it up again. The French cooking on board these boats is too well known to require comment from me, and so suffice it to say that nothing could have been more excellent in every way than it was. The sea was quite calm, and I was therefore able to enjoy my voyage very much. We ought to have arrived here on Tuesday, the 24th, but the tide was not suitable, so we had to remain at the "Bar" till Wednesday afternoon. At the wharf at Shanghai I found Mr. Thorne awaiting my arrival; he carried me off at once to Messrs. Maitland and Co.'s, where I have been ever since; he and they have been unremitting in their kindness. If Mr. Thorne has a fault, it is that he "walks me off my legs," and goes along at a tearing pace. He has lived here so long that he knows everybody and every place worth knowing, and seeing, so I have been well off for a cicerone. I have only gone out driving twice, as I am informed walking is much

better for me. One day I was dragged out of "bed in the middle of the night," or very nearly, to see the "morning galloping" of the ponies, for you must know this is the race week, but happily they don't commence till to-morrow, when I shall be on the wide ocean; great excitement prevails in sporting circles, but of course the residents here do not entirely lose their heads at their annual races as the people in Melbourne do. For six months after their races they talk of nothing but the past, and the other six months of the prospects of the next. Of course, like most Chinese towns, there is the native city to be visited, but this one I am very sorry I ever went to see. No words can describe the filthy squalor in which the natives live, and the most disgusting sights are brought prominently before your eyes at every turn. I shall never forget the day I went, and there are no objects of interest to induce one to attempt the exploration of so dirty a place, there are no good "curio" shops. For people who are fond of shooting, the country all around Shanghai affords unusual advantages. I never saw such quantities of game as are for sale in the shops and markets here; I don't think the pheasants are so good to eat as ours at home, and the hares are much smaller than those in England. There is an excellent club, with a splendid library. As usual, the finest walk in the place is the "Bund," which extends the whole length of the English settlement, and there the rank, beauty, and fashion of Shanghai "most do congregate." There is also a French and an American settlement. The country all round is very flat and ugly, with nothing to relieve the landscape, excepting the mounds in nearly every field where coffins are deposited, and as a rule, they are anything but a relief, very often quite loathsome. The Chinese seem a most industrious race, and every corner of ground appears to be cultivated. There is a very handsome church in Shanghai,

called a Cathedral. It is a fine Gothic edifice, and was built after a design of Sir Gilbert Scott's. The Dean who officiates there is one of the most delightful of men, and much beloved by his congregation. He was most kind and hospitable to me. There are not many tempting things to buy here. The finest are the embossings, carvings, and chasing done in silver, and marvellously cheap. The Chinese are quite unable to count even the simplest sum, and when they have any addition to do, they consult an extraordinary article, called a Schwampan, but how they arrive at any determination by using that machine I have never discovered. We told some men one day that at home in our shops we never required to use such things, but could add up the different sums to make the amount in our heads, and one of them said to us, "Ah, Englishman, he belongey smart inside," by which he meant we were a clever people. It amuses foreigners to notice the eye painted on all Chinese ships, and if you ask them why they have it done, you are answered directly in a tone which implies that in some things Englishmen are deficient, "S'pose steamer make walkee; if not got eye how can see?" this is expected to be so very convincing that you must remain silent, but think that the Chinamen "must have got watta top side," which in their vernacular means they are mad. Here there are very few chairs, and you go about in Jinriki-shas. They are very comfortable, resembling bath-chairs, but much lighter, and the men run along with them very fast. Yesterday I saw a very grand funeral. One of such magnitude had not been seen for more than twenty-five years; it was that of the wife of General Kwoh-Tsu-Mek, and was a strange mixture of poverty and splendour. There was very little solemnity connected with it. First came boys playing fifes and drums, then some awful-looking creatures clad in theatrical garments, with

their faces painted, and then came a lot of men running, each bearing a board upon which was written the offices held by the great man whose wife was now going to be buried. After them came some men mounted, and then about thirty Chinese warriors with most formidable-looking weapons; next a lot of chairs appeared, and in one was a splendid wedding garment and head-dress; the chair had nobody in it, but the dress, &c., was arranged as if it was occupied. Then came more musicians and followers, then about 200 soldiers in uniform, carrying rifles and fixed bayonets. They walked four abreast, but without the least attempt at marching, or any kind of discipline. Flags descriptive of the high family and of the virtues of the deceased lady came next, after which some priests, a few splendidly dressed, and one magnificently, and then appeared the mourners all in white, and following them, the chief mourner, the son, a boy of about fourteen, dressed entirely in sackcloth, his mandarin's hat also covered with the same depressing material. He was supported by a mourner on each side, who guided every step he took. At last came the canopied hearse, very rich, but decidedly gaudy, and in this was the coffin. It was of such weight that it required eighty men to carry it, and then came more chairs and Jin-riki-shas, with other mourners. Just opposite this house two stands were placed with offerings of fowls and fruits, to which the mourners made genuflexions, especially the little chief mourner, who, I should think, nearly bowed his head off. The body was going to be buried at Canton. On the platform in front of the steamer some of the mourners awaited the coming of the coffin, the chief mourner went down on his knees, and bowed his head to the earth before each of these mourners separately, they did the same to him; the ladies were carried right into the ship, chairs and all, and after them the coffin was put on board, and all was over.

The soldiers, preceded by two trumpeters, each with an instrument like an old-fashioned post-horn, but at least five feet long, and only producing the most melancholy notes, marched off to their barracks. This is the sort of way they conduct funerals in China, and it certainly was a wonderful spectacle.

CHIN! CHIN!

LETTER XVII.

JAPAN.

2nd to 17th November, 1877.

"Aye free, aff han' your story tell
When wi' a bosom crony,
But still keep something to yoursel
You scarcely tell to ony."

BURNS.

THE YOKOHAMA CLUB,
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN,
Saturday, November 17th, 1877.

Two days after leaving Shanghai, namely, Friday, the 2nd of November, we arrived off the coast of Japan, and got to Nagasaki the same afternoon, about two o'clock. We remained there till six o'clock, so I had plenty of time to explore the town. I came up in the "Nagoya Maru," an American steamer. Two days after you leave China the sea becomes beautifully clear: before that it is dirty and yellow, like the colour of pea-soup. The entrance to Nagasaki harbour is beautiful, the ship going in and out amongst the loveliest islands, upon which grows the most extraordinary mixture of trees and shrubs, palms, thistles, oaks, and bamboos. Sometimes we were so close that we could have thrown a stone on to the land. One of the finest is the island of Pappenberg, which, as you may have heard, was the scene in the sixteenth century of the massacre of the Christian Japanese who had been converted by missionaries. No foreigners are ever allowed to land on it. The town of Nagasaki is large, about two miles and a half long, and about one mile wide. You cannot help being struck, on arriving in Japan, at the extreme cleanliness of the people and their houses, so totally different to the Chinese. I went to see the consul, who was most civil, and then I explored the town. There are very few things to be picked up in Nagasaki in the way of "curios,"

only odds and ends of precious China. The next day, Saturday, we arrived at Simoniseki. The entrance to that place is also very pretty. We remained at anchor for two hours, but foreigners are not allowed to land, Simoniseki not being an open port. On Monday afternoon we arrived at Kobe, and anything more lovely than the inland sea you cannot conceive. I went on shore at Kobe, and put up at Mrs. Green's most comfortable hotel. —— kindly made me a member of the club, but there is no sleeping accommodation there. I had telegraphed to the consul at Kobe for a "pass" to enable me to go to Kioto, which I did on Monday. It is a three hours' journey from Kobe by rail amidst gorgeous scenery.

"To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."

HANNAH MORE.

Kioto boasts of no European hotel, so we had to stay at one kept by some Japanese. Mr. Innes and Mr. Farmer went with me, and a great trouble they were. Soon after our arrival we set off to see the many "curio" shops for which Kioto is famous. Nothing is more lovely than the silks in the stores there; the designs were exquisite, and when I asked my companions for their advice as to pieces I wished to buy, they simply answered, "Oh, come along, bother the silks." They had no eyes for the beautiful, so I got no help from them. They were quite ignorant as to design, for one piece seemed to them just as good as another. So far as I could judge, they were both colour-blind, than which I think a greater calamity cannot be. However, I got a good many very pretty and artistic pieces, old and new. Some of the old brocades were especially handsome. Mr. Innes wished to go to the bronze shops, so off we set at a tearing rate, three coolies

attending each of our Jin-riki-shas. His chief taste seemed to live in picking up old bronze tea-kettles, which only cost a few dollars each. It was late before we got back to the hotel, and we were quite ready for our dinner. It is absurd to say the Japanese cannot give travellers an English dinner, for they can provide all kinds of meals. Very often there is no fresh milk to be obtained, but that want, very objectionable as it is, is the most we ever had to suffer from. The more I see of that horrid preserved milk, the more I hate it. Next day, Tuesday, we returned to Kobe, and spent the day there. It is there you get the best specimens of the red and gold china, a little of which we purchased. At twelve at night I returned to the "Nagoya Maru," and a few minutes afterwards we steamed away for Yokohama. On arriving at the ship, I found we had taken on board several hundred soldiers returning from the war, and amongst whom was a royal prince, a handsome, martial-looking young man, of about twenty-three, always in full uniform, and even at meals did he wear his sword, and went clanking up and down with it on all day. No notice had been given of his Imperial Highness's intention of being a passenger by the "Nagoya Maru," and it was, therefore, with difficulty that sufficient accommodation could be found for him and his suite, which seemed enormous. On Wednesday evening the sea became awfully rough, and I had to retire to my cabin. On Thursday morning, at seven o'clock, we got to Yokohama, and as soon as we anchored I got a letter from Hyde, telling me he had secured me a room at the club, which had been a difficult matter, as it was the race week. It is unfortunate I am not a sporting character, for, as it always happened, I arrived at my different destinations at the annual race time. The club is situated in the centre of the "Bund" and commands an ex-

tensive view of the harbour. The sea comes close up to the gates. Sir Harry Parkes kindly wrote from Tokio to say he would be glad to do anything for me in the way of seeing Japan, but I have confined my short visit entirely to Yokohama and Tokio, and when I was at the latter place his Excellency was cruising in H.M.S. "Modeste." Most of the time I have spent here has been in the various "curio" shops in Houcho Street and Benten Dori. It is hopeless to attempt to describe to you the various beautiful things to be seen in them. The bronzes, silks, china, and lacquer ware are the most remarkable. I think it is a great mistake to buy much of the first of these articles, as they take up a great deal of room, and you can pick up quite as fine specimens in London as those to be obtained here, and not more expensively, while you are saved all the trouble and expense of sending them home. There are two shops here for the sale of the far-famed embroidered satin quilts and dressing-gowns; some of the designs are most beautiful and intricate, and so totally different to what can be got in London or even in Paris, and much less costly. Such an immense number of people are made to work on the same piece that the most elaborate articles you can order will be finished in a week's time. I got a quantity of things, the choice of which I hope you will approve. The fineness of the work must be seen to be appreciated. One of the prettiest of all their designs is the crest of the Mikado (The Chrysanthemum), which they group together generally in white silk on different-coloured grounds of the same material. The ivory work here is much more perfectly finished than in China, but consequently very much more expensive. Various birds and animals in precious stones and metals are laid on instead of being inlaid, and this sort of work is only to be got in Japan. A moderate-sized fan costs 10*l.*,

and a lady's card-case 6*l.* or 7*l.* The small carved ivories (some of them thousands of years old) called "netsuke" are extremely dear, they used to be used as the button attached to a tobacco pouch, and have now become very rare, but unless one is very "well up" in them, it is better to leave them alone, as the imitations are very difficult to detect. I have not studied them sufficiently, so Dr. Hue has undertaken to select mine, he is very learned about all Japanese "curios." I don't know what I should have done without him. We generally try to do our daily shopping together, but he always declares that when he wants me to go anywhere with him I am out, and that "it takes three men and a boy to find me."

The worst of Yokohama at this time of year is that the weather is so very uncertain. To-day will be very hot, and to-morrow will be intensely cold. I never saw such a clever race of people as the Japanese in making things out of paper, useful as well as ornamental, and toys for children, under which last class I come. The present rage is for bare paper butterflies, which fly for a long time if properly wound up; they are very amusing; I have laid in a perfect stock for your benefit. I think they only cost about fourpence a dozen. The Japanese money is most confusing, and includes all kinds of little notes. It would take one month to learn all their various values. The "Bund," the promenade of Yokohama, is a fine broad walk, and there you see to perfection the extreme politeness the Japanese extend to one another. In fact, everywhere you go in Japan you find the same civility. If two of the commonest coolies meet one another on the road, after putting down the burdens they are carrying, the following questions are asked, or similar ones:—"How are you to-day? Your wife, how is she? and your children? I hope your load is not excessive!" and several more

equally courteous remarks, to all of which answers are returned, and each time both bow down very low. If one Jin-riki-sha man wants to pass another in front of him, he does so, but at the same time begs his pardon for the liberty, bowing very low, and at the imminent risk of upsetting his fare. They are the perfection of politeness, and a great lesson to all visitors to their country. The English are certainly not famous for their manners, or for the courtesy they show to one another, and to see the Japanese cannot but have a beneficial effect. Compared with them, we are like bears. They are a most industrious, hard-working set of people, and have made so much progress that I am surprised they have not given up some of their awful customs. Nothing can be more unsightly than the married women, who all blacken their teeth, and shave their eyebrows. I wonder their husbands can even bear to look at them. And then their awful shoes and stockings! The latter are made of cotton, having only two divisions, one for the large toe, and the other part for the rest of the foot, the fastening of the sandal going between the two. Generally, the pattens are made of wood, raised some height from the ground, and sometimes on two cross pieces of wood, they are most ungainly in appearance, very difficult to walk in, and the constant clatter of them on the stones is most disagreeable. Another peculiar habit they have is to use paper pocket-handkerchiefs. A properly dressed native is very picturesque, but, half in European garments and half in Japanese, he has a ludicrous appearance. They all wear their crest, embroidered in silk on the back of their coats, just under their collar. I very much prefer the Chinese to the Japanese as servants. The former are much quicker and sharper in every way, but as a nation I suppose there can be no doubt that the Japanese are very superior. Several times I was able to see Fusyama, notwithstanding the distance

it is away from Yokohama. It is very high, I think about 14,000 feet. Instead of shouting "boy" when you want one of your servants, you clap your hands, and he instantly appears; it is the only way of summoning attendants in Japan. The Custom-house people at Yokohama are most troublesome. On my arrival they opened all my boxes, and made most minute examination, and all things I had brought from China they confiscated until to-day, when they gave them back to me to send on board the "Oceanic," but I had to pay pretty heavily for them, and for all the things I have picked up here. The height of perfection in the art of tattooing is arrived at in Japan, and, like many other "globe-trotters," I was persuaded to have two elaborate designs representing the *flora* and *fauna* of the country depicted one on each arm. The operation was much worse than I expected, the insertion of the black ink is bad enough, but when a colour such as red is mixed with it, it becomes seriously painful. They took eight hours to do it. The operation affects some people much more than others, and I was quite unable to use my arms for two days afterwards. I went to Tokio, to see the exhibition which was opened last May, and closes on the 30th of this month. A more beautiful collection of articles I never saw, bronzes, silks, ivory, lacquer, china, and various carvings. Some of the things were of immense value, but the best were not for sale, as they are all going to be sent to the Paris Exhibition, so you will see them there. The different departments devoted to machinery were most praiseworthy, considering everything in them is the work of Japanese. I cannot say much in favour of the picture-gallery, except one contribution never to be forgotten, namely, a picture of a monkey falling down a precipice, and three other monkeys bending over, bewailing the loss of their comrade. It was most amusing, and the look of astonishment on their faces

was the funniest thing I ever saw. I was extremely desirous of becoming the possessor of this unique gem, but on referring to the catalogue I found it had been purchased the day the Exhibition opened. It was native talent with a vengeance. After spending some time at the Exhibition, I went to the temple of Asaxa, which is the most celebrated in all Japan. It is rather more dirty than the generality of these holy edifices. People who have sore feet make offerings of straw sandals, which are hanging up in hundreds. The sacred pigeons fly about beside you, and are quite tame. There were natives praying, and one woman brought her child of about a year old, but he very soon got tired of saying his devotions, and toddled away from his religious parent. There is an image of Biuzuru, one of Buddha's disciples, but the nearest and dearest would fail to recognize their relative, could they see him now, for he has been rubbed away beyond all recognition by the poor misguided people who believe in his power to heal diseases. After leaving the temple, I went to see the famous tableaux. The figures here are much superior to any wax figures I have ever seen. They are all worked by machinery, and perform the most wonderful feats. Some, I confess, are very disgusting, but others clever and very amusing. It certainly was the most wonderful sight I saw while in Japan. Then I went to some gardens where were some figures of men, women, horses, &c., &c., exquisitely trained with minute iron framework, over which chrysanthemums grew, and this being the time of year when they are at their best, I saw them to great advantage, and the combination of colours was something wonderful. A lady would have a dress of these flowers in yellow, those in her jacket would be white ones, while her head-dress would be composed of small brown ones. They are flowers we do not think so very

much of at home, but here they grow to such perfection, and sometimes to such a size, that they are very lovely. At night Mr. Hyde and I dined with Mr. Page at his house in Tokio, full of the most precious "curios" to be obtained in Japan. He has immense taste. His house is long and low, very comfortable and cheerful with large fires, for it was bitterly cold. In summer the screens are removed, and three or four of the larger rooms are all thrown into one. I don't quite like that screen system, as everything you say can be heard in the next room, and when you don't expect it, some officious individual may thrust aside a screen, and appear when least wanted. We returned to Yokohama by the last train at night. It is only a distance of seventeen miles. The most beautiful blue enamelled china is to be got at Tokio. I hope what I bought may arrive in safety, but I have heard of such terrible smashes and thieving occurring on the way home, that I tremble for all my things—I mean those that I have not taken with me. All the boxes are tin-lined, so I don't think there is much fear of their being opened till they get to Liverpool or Southampton. As I have only been here ten days, I have not been able to be presented to the Mikado. I should have had to wait a month longer for another steamer, as it is a ceremony that requires much arranging. I have hurried away from Japan on purpose to go to San Francisco by the "Oceanic," which everybody tells me is the only comfortable vessel on the line. We leave to-morrow, Sunday, the 18th of November. She is a large steamer. I think the sea between here and San Francisco is not generally very tempestuous, so I have not much to fear. Vessels take from fifteen to thirty-five days to go across—a terribly wide margin—but the captain of the "Oceanic" declares he will do it in sixteen. He once did it in fourteen days fifteen hours.

SAYONARA.

LETTER XVIII.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

18th November to 4th December, 1877.

"And last of all an admiral came,
A terrible man with a terrible name.
* * * * *
But which no man can speak, and no man can spell."

SOUTHEY'S "MARCH TO MOSCOW."

THE PALACE HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
December 4th, 1877.

WE arrived here to-day, Tuesday, the 4th of December, after sixteen days and a half voyage from Yokohama. Sunday, the 18th of November, when we left, was very fine, and the scene at our departure was animated, to say the least of it. There had been a large tiffin on board, and although there were only about eighteen saloon passengers going by the "Oceanic," at least six times that number of friends had come to say good-bye to them. There were representatives from the English, Russian, and American men-of-war. We had the Russian admiral on board; he had been relieved, and was returning home. The bands of these vessels played at intervals, and anything much more unlike Sunday can't well be imagined. After many leave-takings, we made a start about four p.m. On Monday there was a very rough sea, in fact for twelve days we had the nastiest weather possible, and so never had the ports open. In the morning and evening the cold was intense, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could induce the captain to have the pipes heated in the saloon. We had two large fireplaces, but the fires were never lighted, and many days we had no artificial heat at all. It was a most uninteresting voyage: not even a bird was seen till this morning. The ship rolled terribly, and hardly a

day passed without our being obliged to have the "fiddles" on the tables. I was much disappointed in the "Oceanic," having heard so much about her. The state-rooms are not good, and the food is anything but temptingly placed on the table. The cooking certainly was very inferior to what I expected. You should have seen the extraordinary names of the dishes on the menu (or, as the Americans called it, "the catalogue," or sometimes "the programme"). I was too ill to appear much at table for the first week after we started, but still during the time I was present such names as the following frequently occurred:—

"Pork and beans *à la* West Broadway,
Turkey down East style,"

and many other rare delicacies, too numerous to mention.

"God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks."

The few passengers we had were the most uninteresting set of people, at least so it seemed to me. I didn't make the acquaintance of any of them, but two became so very oppressive in their friendship for me that I had to "sit upon" them, at the end of the first week, and it having been effectually done, they troubled me no more. Persons who can neither read nor write on board ship are a great nuisance, as they expect other people to be as idle as they are to help to amuse them. We had four horrid children, and as they were allowed the full use of the saloon, they were very much in the way, but more noisy during our luncheon and dinner than during the other part of the day. They seemed to make a point of being more riotous while we were eating. The Chinese servants were admirable: they certainly are the best waiters I ever saw. You never need to ask them for any-

thing, for your wants are all anticipated. Amongst our small number of passengers we had Scotchmen, one Englishman, Irishmen, Russians, Germans, and Frenchmen. One unfortunate man, who seemed sorry to confess he had been born in Scotland, was one of the most objectionable of our passengers. He was of a most inquiring turn of mind, and one day, apropos of nothing, he said at dinner, "I wonder if any one here can pronounce 'Auchtermuchty,' correctly." Which caused a roar of laughter; why, I cannot tell you. I failed to see the joke. Hardly any of these poor people had even heard the word before, certainly the attempts at pronouncing it were terrible for me to sit by and hear. It is unnecessary to remark that I never joined in these conversations. I have an idea some of my fellow-passengers to this day think I am dumb. This most misguided man was irrepressible, as a few nights afterwards he returned to the attack, and I felt certain what would be the next questions he would ask, and I happened to have guessed correctly. "I wonder if, as none of you can pronounce Auchtermuchty, you would be more fortunate in the other equally well-known names 'Ecclefechan' and 'Stronachlachar.'" I will not dwell upon the efforts made by these ignoramuses. The best of it was that the questioner himself could not pronounce them, he never had been in Scotland since he was a child, and so should have held his tongue about Scotch places. Another day he made a quotation from one of Samuel Lover's novels, and asked his opposite neighbour if he had read many of his works, to which his accomplished *vis-à-vis* replied, "I never read any of them. I never heard his name before; who was he?" He seemed profoundly ignorant, although holding a good appointment in the Indian Civil Service. I longed to ask him if he had ever read Shakespeare, but refrained,

as I was afraid that, like Kitty in "High Life Below Stairs," he would reply,—

"Shikspur? Shikspur?
Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur."

I was rather startled one day at dinner by a Chinese servant saying, "Have one piecee peasant?" I had always expected in my travels to come across the hospitable individual who would invite me to have "slice of cold missionary, him very good," but the peasant was something new. It seems that some Chinese cannot pronounce "h" and that he meant pheasant. It is a curious thing that in making this voyage you gain a day. The first week we had two Sundays, and both were the 25th of November, we only kept the first one, and I am afraid it is hardly true to say even that much. The captain hurried over the Church of England service at a terrible rate, and, what to me was particularly offensive, left out the prayer for the Queen and also the one for the Royal Family. I am utterly at a loss to think why he did it, I suppose because there were Americans on board. Moreover none of them were present at the services, the captain was an Englishman, the "Oceanic" was an English ship, and owned by a firm in Liverpool. I was the only person of the congregation who stood up when occasion required; the *whole service* was read sitting down. The officers on board were a very pleasant set of men. The chief engineer was a Scotchman, and I spent many pleasant hours in his room. The doctor was a most agreeable man, but very American. Our dinner-hour was six o'clock, and at half-past four one day, I heard some one say to him, "Where are you off to, doctor?" "Oh, just to 'fix up' for dinner." And certainly I am not surprised it took him an hour and a half to "fix up;" he

used to wear dark trousers, a frock coat, a white or black satin waistcoat, cut very low, and a white tie. I wonder where the gentlemen who discovered the Pacific expect to go to, or rather where they have gone to, for a greater mistake in a name could not well have been made, and if ever I bring out an atlas, I shall name that most treacherous piece of water the "Terrific." It was hardly ever smooth. This morning we entered the much-wished-for "Golden Gates" and were alongside the wharf shortly after nine o'clock a.m.

LETTER XIX.

SAN FRANCISCO, AND JOURNEY TO CHICAGO.

4th to 14th December, 1877.

"Oh, brave new world,
That has such people in it."

THE TEMPEST.

THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS,
Friday, December 14th, 1877.

As I told you in my last, I arrived at San Francisco on Tuesday, the 4th of December, and for many a long year to come I shall remember the Custom-house officers at the wharf there. As soon as all the luggage was landed the work of searching began. At first I got on pretty well; but, most unfortunately, the officer who was looking over my things was called away, and he sent another man to me, who made the minutest examination of all my little curios, and took out nearly every single article one by one; and although everything I had, had been worn—except some gloves which he discovered in one of my portmanteaux—he managed to charge me forty-five dollars. It was a regular swindle, and how he ever made up that sum, I have never yet been able to find out. It is not the slightest use complaining. I happened to have some valuable ivories, &c., but, providentially, that odious man never discovered them, or else he would at once have made it up to 100 dollars. They found six silk pocket-handkerchiefs belonging to one of the passengers, and as they had never been used, he had to pay twenty-four dollars for them. The Custom-house charges are very high—sixty per cent. ! ! !—for everything you have in the way of curios, silks, or anything you may never happen to have worn. Having spent upwards of two hours

with these pleasing and entertaining companions, they released me, and off I went to the Palace Hotel, where I found seventy-one letters awaiting me, besides literature of various kinds, for your share of which I am most grateful. The hotel I found very comfortable; the chief drawback is that so many families live in the hotel that the noise the children make is very objectionable. They race up and down the corridors all day long. As hotels go, I should think it is decidedly expensive. On the fifth floor they charge eight shillings a night for a bedroom. It is a great mistake to take meals there, except it happens to suit you to do so; I generally had mine at one of the clubs, or at some of the first-rate restaurants, of which there are a great many. It is a much less expensive plan, and more comfortable in every way. At a big hotel you certainly see American life, and I should advise anybody going to San Francisco to stay at the Palace Hotel, it is a sight in itself, and the largest hotel in the world. Upon an average the different "lifts" go up 700 times a day each. The waiters are all negroes, and they in no way hurry themselves in attending to your wants. The behaviour of the Americans at their meals has to be seen to be believed; they are far more like animals than human beings, for they eat much of their food with their fingers, and the noise they make when taking soup is appalling. They used either their penknife or their fork for a toothpick, and as there is never such a thing as a salt-spoon, they help themselves with the knife they have been using. Such a thing as a butter-knife is quite unknown. Considering that in 1848 the population of San Francisco was only 1000, it is indeed a wonderful city; the great defects are its streets, which are atrocious, and make riding, driving, or even walking anything but a pleasure. I am astonished that in so wealthy a city they

are not made better; they are like the worst country roads you ever saw, and you go bumping over stones up and down in a very uncomfortable manner. There is not such a thing as a cab in all San Francisco, so that if you want to go anywhere you have to hire a carriage, for which you have to pay in the most exorbitant manner. Happily you very seldom require one, as there are no drives, except the one to the "Cliff House;" it takes from two to three hours to do that wonderful sight comfortably, and you can get carriages from 2*l.* to 3*l.*: there is a regular charge for the expedition. The Cliff House is six miles from San Francisco, along the Point Lobos road, and a most magnificent drive it is. On three rocks only a short distance from the hotel are the sea-lions disporting themselves; I should think I saw about 200 the day I was there; the noise they make is something tremendous: they are exactly the same as those at the Brighton Aquarium. I never saw such driving as can be witnessed on the Lobos road, the trotting of the horses is perfectly marvellous, not only is such a thing as a whip never used, but it is not even to be seen on any vehicle. The dressing of the female portion of the San Francisco community is almost perfect: London and Paris might well take an example from them. All the dresses are made with tremendous trains, and very often, if dropped for a minute, they pick up more dirt from the streets than I should fancy would be quite agreeable to the fair wearers. I never went out at night except once, and therefore can give no opinion about the theatres, but I was told they were very inferior in every way to those at home. I went to hear "The Christy Minstrels," and a very good night's entertainment they afford: the melodies were very good indeed, chiefly the tunes which we heard when the revivalist gentlemen made so great a stir in London some years ago. The reason that

then we disliked them so much, was that the words were so very objectionable. Mr. McKay, the chief railway agent in San Francisco, came to me on board the steamer the morning I arrived from Japan, and brought so many testimonials from friends, and one from H—— N——, that I at once put myself and all my arrangements entirely under his charge; it saved me an immense deal of bother, and he was unceasing in his attentions to me during the time I remained in San Francisco. I strongly advise you to employ him on your arrival there. One great recommendation to San Francisco is the quantity of fruit you can get, even in December, grapes and strawberries especially being in abundance; but they have not I think so good a flavour as those at home. You will be astonished at the display of diamonds in the shops at San Francisco. They are very much less expensive than in England; but the setting is so much more showy, that they do not look nearly so well. Some of the carriages and "teams" are very handsome; be it remembered that in America there is no such thing as a "pair" of horses. The badness of the daily newspapers is astonishing, and they are very expensive; in so thorough a business city as San Francisco, you would think they would have first-rate daily papers, but they are printed on the poorest paper, and the print is so very small, that you have to hold them close to your eyes to read them at all, and then they have little or no news in them. They seem to be chiefly filled up with local scandal.

On the 9th of December I left San Francisco for Chicago. One difficulty in getting away from that marvellous city is, that you can only reach the station by a steamer — quite a long voyage, about twenty minutes. The people are most particular about checking your luggage, and if you have any

over-weight (as of course every one must have, they allow you so little) they know how to charge for it. When I got to the railway "car," I happened to let a bundle of "greenbacks" fall out of my pocket, and I didn't discover the loss for a minute or two afterwards; but I chanced to see the porter carefully hiding them under a portmanteau, watching doubtless his opportunity to pick them up unobserved. They happened to be my "little all" until I got to Chicago, so it was a good thing I discovered them before it was too late. The innocent face of the porter was amusing. We saw no snow the first day. We stopped many times at various stations, but never for very long, except at Lathrop, where I amused myself by feeding the bear, which is confined in a cage. It has been there for years: it seems rather cruel to keep it all by itself, but perhaps it may be for the delectation of the weary traveller.

The next day, and in fact until we arrived at Chicago, we saw much snow and ice. We breakfasted at Humboldt station, where the Lilliputian troupe caused us much merriment; they were on a travelling tour, accompanied by the Californian giant, by far the largest man I have ever seen. It was very amusing to see him lifting up Minnie Warren to her chair at table. She conversed in her shrill small voice with all the members of the troupe, and Tom Thumb chattered as usual. On Tuesday morning we arrived at Ogden, 880 miles from San Francisco, when many of our passengers left us for Salt Lake City, but I did not go, for since Mr. Brigham Young has departed this life, the charm of Salt Lake City has vanished. The carriages on the railway are most comfortable, and the sleeping accommodation is admirable, nearly as good as one's own bed, and going so slowly the motion is very slight. We were always in bed by

half-past eight, and the toilettes of various passengers were amusing, to say the least of it. The expressions in constant use by Americans sound strange to foreign ears. Everything is "elegant." You ask, "Isn't this a beautiful day?" "Elegant, that's so," is the reply, and if you state any fact they are unaware of, they always answer, "Is that so?" They always address one another as Madame and Sir. They never have a travelling-bag, but carry a "satchel." They never think, but always "guess" or "calculate;" they say "bo'kay" for bouquet. A very common way of ending sentences in this country is the word "somewheres," and "anyhow." Their incivility is most astonishing, for if you hand them anything, or open the door for ladies entering or leaving a room, it never strikes them to say "thank you." I can forgive them many things, but two I never can get over, one is the constant use of spittoons, which are as much a piece of furniture in every room as a table or chair; and the other is the use of the word "rare;" at all meals you are asked the question, "Will you have your beef well done or '*rare?*'" It is quite enough to spoil the best appetite, and to me sounds very disgusting. There are no such things as sealskin "jackets" in this country, they are sealskin "sacques." Anything more awful than the meals at the various stations I never saw—indeed, they are perfectly uneatable, and very expensive, always 4*s.*; and as for your companions, probably on either side of you, will be a workman without coat or waistcoat, helping himself to the common salt-cellar and mustard-pot with his own knife and fork, and not unfrequently, his fingers. Slices of cheese they always break off with their fingers, and as a rule, never take themselves the piece upon which is the impression of their dirty hand. How this kind of people can afford themselves the three meals a day at 4*s.* each, passes my compre-

hension. Had I come straight home from Japan, my manners learnt there would have made me ready

"To shine in Courts,"

such is the perfection of courtesy in the meetings, greetings, and all interchanges of civilities in that much favoured land; but returning *viâ* America, you must not be shocked if I commit some terrible atrocity one of these days. By the time I get back I shall have quite forgotten how to behave. Another thing which strikes me in travelling through America, is the way husbands and wives obtrude their affection for one another upon their fellow-passengers. The whole way from San Francisco to Chicago, an old couple, the wife perhaps fifty-five, and the husband ten years older, remained every day, and all day, locked in one another's arms; they really were old enough to know better. Many other instances of mistimed devotion I saw, but as a rule, the offenders were young and foolish. I noticed all the old hands at travelling brought their own food in baskets, but that entails so much trouble that I did not attempt it, though strongly advised to do so. I think, considering the number of passengers which alight twice daily at all the various stations, the caterers might be induced to provide food which is eatable. It is, no doubt, all very well to say that travelling in America is not expensive, but I for one think it most decidedly is. From San Francisco to New York, (3282 miles), you pay 50*l*. That in itself perhaps is not much, but then you have to pay upon an average 1*l*. per night for your sleeping-car, and 12*s*. a day for your food at the stations, bad as it is, and then there are besides fees to the various porters, which amount to a considerable sum before you have tipped all. However, the railway carriages are most comfortable, and so very warm that I really cannot complain of the

long overland journey from San Francisco to Chicago, where I arrived on Friday, December 14th. Of course if we went so fast as we do at home, it would be uncomfortable for so long a journey, as reading and sleeping would be impossible. From Omaha to Chicago (but only for that short distance, about twenty-three hours' journey) there is a dining-car attached to the train, and then the meals are excellent, and only cost 3*s*., and the attendants are most civil and obliging. On every train between San Francisco and Chicago is a new kind of brake, which brings the train to a sudden standstill when arriving at a station. That it is most effective I can testify, as it often throws you right off your seat. At Cheyenne station in Wyoming territory between Utah and Nebraska, Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes got into the train, on their way to Chicago. I was very glad to see them, and soon got all the London news. They only left in August, and I had much news to hear which, notwithstanding my voluminous correspondence, had been omitted by my friends. I was glad to learn that at New York, when they landed from Liverpool, they had to pay 29*l*. ! ! ! as Custom-house charges; it is a great comfort to find companions in misfortune. Lady Sykes is even more anxious (if that be possible) to return home than I am. We quite agree that travelling is a mistake, and that "there's no place like home." She is afraid they will not get back to London till April. We arrived at Chicago this afternoon.

LETTER XX.

CHICAGO, NIAGARA, AND TORONTO.

14th to 20th December, 1877.

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

COLERIDGE.

Rossin House Hotel,
Toronto, Ontario,
Thursday, December 20th, 1877.

You will, I know, wish to hear what I have seen, and where I have been roaming since I wrote to you from Chicago, on the 14th December. I stayed at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and most luxurious and comfortable I found it. You couldn't do better than go to it, if you take Chicago in your travels, and certainly it is a wonderful town. My introductions were most useful, and everybody was very civil. When I went to see the manager of the —— Bank, I was amused to notice written up above the clerks' desks :—

> "The Lord helps every man who helps himself,
> But the Lord help any man caught helping himself here."

Chicago is indeed a marvellous city, when one thinks not only of its extreme youth, but of the repeated conflagrations to which it has been subjected, and which each time seem to have demolished nearly the whole town. It says a great deal for the enterprise of the inhabitants, that they should industriously build and rebuild. The city is enormously large: it covers an area, I believe, of thirty-six square miles. There is a very good club, called the Chicago Club, where I saw almost all the English papers; but most unfortunately the *Times* is not taken in there. The streets are not, I think, quite so bad as at San Francisco, but

those leading to the suburbs are awful. The Chamber of Commerce, where the Board of Trade meets, is a great sight, and any visitor can be admitted to the spectators' gallery on the introduction of a member. The shouting and shrieking of the persons gathered on the floor beneath is deafening, and you cannot help wondering what it can all be about, as it is impossible for a visitor even to hear one intelligible word. As you already know, the chief sights of Chicago are the world-renowned stock-yards, which I went to see one day. They are about six miles from the town, and arrived at by fearful roads, fields, and ditches; I wonder the wheels of the carriages don't come off. The yards themselves comprise about 345 acres, of which 100 are taken up with pens, capable of containing 21,000 cattle, 75,000 pigs, 22,000 sheep, and 200 horses. The house where the pork-packing goes on is extremely interesting: 5000 pigs are killed daily. Killing and dressing twelve pigs a minute was a sight quite new to me. The unfortunate beasts have hardly finished squealing, before they are split and hung up as carcases. I think the poor animals suffer but little; and, so far as I could judge, the butchers, and all connected with the work, were very expert, from the highest to the lowest. The pigs are driven up an inclined plane, to a pen in the upper part of the packing-house. A chain, attached to a pulley in a sliding frame near the ceiling, is slipped over one leg; the pig is jerked up, his throat cut, and his body let down into a vat of boiling water, then lifted out, scraped, disembowelled, and hung up to cool; as soon as that is accomplished, the bodies are cut up into "meats," salted and packed. I looked at all the cooling-rooms, packing-rooms, and meat-cellars, and they certainly were a marvel of cleanliness, and the mammoth proportions of them all could not fail to strike a stranger. Nevertheless, it must be a

long time before I can partake of Mr. Pig; my recent visit to this establishment will prevent my eating him in any shape or form.

I left Chicago on Monday night, the 17th December, and arrived at Niagara on Tuesday afternoon. A terrible thought on getting near the station was that my luggage would again have to be examined, as I am going to the Canada side of the Falls. Contrary to expectation, the Custom-house officer was the "best fellow I ever knew," and allowed all my baggage to pass unopened, I had taken much advice as to where I should stay during my visit to Niagara, and almost every one agreed the Canada side was the best. I put up at the Prospect House Hotel, almost opposite the Horse Shoe Falls. There are very few hotels open in winter. Captain W—— was at the same hotel as I was, and we were the only two visitors at Niagara. Never for one moment think that I would attempt to give you an account of the Falls. It would be a shockingly audacious thing to dare to write about the magnificence of these mighty waters. The writings of Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope did not even convey to me an adequate account of their grandeur. I devoted Tuesday afternoon to the Canada side, and Wednesday morning to the American; and if you wish to see both cataracts at once, then certainly start from the Canada side. Of course a much greater variety of prospect can be seen on the American; but there you cannot stand straight in front of the Falls, which is only to be done from the Canada shore. All the lesser sights are very wonderful, such as the rapids, islands, and all the minutiæ belonging to Niagara. They are to be seen from the American side, but the Falls are *the* sight, of that there can be no doubt. At Table Rock House I put on an oilskin dress, and then descended the round staircase of many steps (and very slippery they were),

of course accompanied by a guide. When you get to the bottom, you walk along a ridge of rock, and then you are underneath part of the Horse Shoe Fall. I shall never forget the sight and the impression it made upon me. I think Niagara must be much finer in winter than in summer, the millions of icicles hanging in every conceivable shape and form, and the snow-covered trees adding, greatly to the beauty of the scene. It is indeed a splendid picture, and yet few people ever come to Niagara in winter. Of course, going underneath the Falls you get very wet, and by the time I had ascended the staircase, I was one mass of small icicles. At Table Rock, where you put on the oilskin suit, you will find a bazaar, but beware of it. Of course it is necessary to buy a few photographs of Niagara, which you can get there better than anywhere else; but for them, by the way, you will have the pleasure of paying eight shillings a piece; at home they would be two shillings. In this said shop are two terrible females, who pursue you from one end to the other, entreating you to buy this, that, and the other; and if you resist all their solicitations, they will, in American fashion, give you a few of their ideas on your "stinginess." They weary you by their much importunity. After leaving Table Rock, I went to see the Burning Springs, about a mile and a half from the Horse Shoe Fall. All along the ridge of the road, until you get to the Springs, you have a grand view of the volume of water which eventually becomes the Falls of Niagara. These springs were discovered nearly a hundred years ago by a party of Indians. The experiments shown by Mr. Clark, the proprietor, are certainly very wonderful. After leaving there I went to the Whirlpool, which is well worth seeing. There are timber-trees and various objects circling round and round, sometimes they remain there for weeks; when

they come within the influence of the current, off they go to Lake Ontario. It is in this Whirlpool that bodies are sometimes found, that is, if they have come over the Horse Shoe Fall. Those that go over the American Fall are never seen again. This was quite enough to see of Niagara in one day, and a great deal more than it was possible to take in. The next day I did the American side, starting by driving across the New Suspension Bridge; it is a delightful sensation, being on that narrow bridge, and such a height above the roaring waters; it is perfectly secure, and no one need be alarmed, and think it at all likely to give way. The American side is much more beautiful than the Canadian; but not nearly so grand, or so awe-inspiring. The approaches to the various islands, and the different bridges are picturesque and lovely; but when once you have seen the Falls, you comparatively care for nothing else. One, or rather *the* drawback to the sights of Niagara, is the way you are obliged to have the carriage stopped about every quarter of an hour to pay for something. Sometimes a dollar, sometimes, but very rarely, twenty-five cents, and generally fifty cents. Not only is Niagara a most expensive entertainment, but the annoyance of having every few minutes to get out money for all these robbers is great. It is quite impossible to do Niagara thoroughly under two days, which, including the hire of the carriage, comes to about fifty-five shillings each day. That of course does not include any purchases you may have made; but only the carriage and seeing all the necessary objects, views, &c., &c. It is simply monstrous, and there ought to be a regular sum paid at the commencemeut of the day, for then you would be saved all the bother of perpetually giving away those little sums. When gazing at the magnitude of the Falls, it is hardly endurable to respond to the repeated calls from the many robbers,

of "fifty cents, please, sir," so utterly commonplace. There are a few moments in one's life, when one forgets even the existence of the necessary £ *s. d.*, and one of them is when beholding Niagara. The hotel was clean and comfortable, but nothing remarkable. They are all very expensive; but I should strongly advise you to go to the Prospect House, and if you can get the corner room nearest the Falls, you indeed have a feast in store. When you awake in the morning, you have as good a view of them while in your bed, as you can get anywhere. In the way of "curios" there are none of much consequence to be procured at Niagara. The most beautiful are the feather fans made by the American Indians, who make them for a dollar apiece; but as you cannot get them direct from the makers, you have to go to a shop where you pay seven or eight dollars for them. They are exquisitely finished, and some of the larger ones have two or three birds of brilliant plumage, nestling in among the feathers. On Wednesday afternoon I left Niagara, and arrived here (Toronto) the same evening. I am at the Rossin House Hotel, which is most comfortable, indeed quite luxurious. I have been wandering all over Toronto to-day, and a much more uninteresting place I should think never was. I have not inspected any of the public buildings, and I do not think there are any objects of great interest here. After a time one gets dreadfully tired of sight-seeing, and at present I like to feast upon the remembrance of Niagara. To-night I set out for Ottawa.

LETTER XXI.

OTTAWA. MONTREAL TO NEW YORK.

20th December, 1877, *to 2nd January*, 1878.

THE BREVOORT HOUSE,
NEW YORK,
January 2nd, 1878.

ON Thursday night, the 20th December, to continue my wanderings, I left Toronto, and at four o'clock the next morning out I had to get at Prescott, the junction for Ottawa, where I had to wait nearly two hours. At nine on Friday morning we arrived at Ottawa, and went to the Russell House Hotel—the best in the town, but one of the worst I ever stayed at. The food was very bad, and all the arrangements most primitive. One thing amused me. At some unearthly hour hideous sounds used to reach my ears, as if somebody was suffering from an unusually severe catarrh, for I can call it by no less a name; I asked what it was all about, and was told that having no bell, these sounds were made by the *Maître-d'hôtel* to announce the evening meal! Lord and Lady Dufferin were most hospitable. I received three or four invitations from them, but I wasn't able to accept them all. No wonder Lord Dufferin is so popular with all the people over whom he reigns, for he is certainly a most charming man, and in so many ways reminds one of Mrs. Norton, or I should say Lady Stirling-Maxwell, but it is difficult to remember her by a name which she only enjoyed for a few short months. Nothing could exceed his Excellency's kindness to me. It will not be an enviable position to fill the post of Governor-General, with such a predecessor as Lord Dufferin. His time is up in a few months:

both he and Lady Dufferin are very sorry to leave Canada. Government House is not beautiful outside, but the inside is one of the most comfortably arranged residences I have ever seen, and very well heated. The cold was intense to my idea, but the residents said it was not winter weather, and marvelled at the mildness of the season! I had a very jolly sleigh, and careered all over the country. There are some fine Falls near Ottawa, and the government buildings are remarkably fine. Otherwise there is nothing to be seen. I spent five days there, and then went to Montreal, a seven hours' journey. You have to go back to Prescott Junction, which is very tiresome. The next day, Thursday, 27th December, I did all the sights of Montreal, the Victoria Bridge being the chief thing to see. The St. James's Club seemed very comfortable. Ottawa is very badly off for hotels; the "St. Lawrence" is not, in my opinion, so comfortable as it might easily be made. On Thursday night I left Montreal and arrived here (New York) on Friday the 28th. Certainly the American trains keep marvellous time. I have never been a single minute late in any journey I have yet taken. To-day I go off to Philadelphia. Autumn has been most considerately spending the Winter here, during my visit, and I have therefore enjoyed my few days' sojourn very much.

LETTER XXI.

PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, AND NEW YORK.

2nd to 12th January, 1878.

THE BREVOORT HOUSE,
NEW YORK,
Saturday, January 12th, 1878.

I HAVE visited so many places since I wrote to you on the 2nd January, that I have much to tell you. I left New York on that day, and went to Philadelphia, a journey of three hours from New York: when I got there I went to the "La Fayette" Hotel, and nothing could be more comfortable than it was. There are some fine public buildings, and altogether I was much pleased with the appearance of the town. There are some very fine shops; and as for places of amusement, they seemed to abound. The night I spent there I went to the Academy of Music, which is a finer opera-house than we can boast of in London, and though capable of accommodating 4000 people, was, on the night I was there, crowded to overflowing, owing to a revival for only a few nights of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with a very powerful cast. The enthusiasm displayed was something wonderful, but it is too affecting a piece for the stage, and by the time the three deaths had occurred, there was hardly a dry eye to be seen. The piety of the inhabitants of the "City of Brotherly Love" must be great, to judge by the number of their churches. There are upwards of 400! The interior of the Roman Catholic Cathedral is very fine. I drove to Fairmount Park, which in summer must be beautiful. The Zoological part is well

worth seeing, and many animals are there which are not to be seen in any other collection. The Exhibition buildings remain, and some of them are to be permanent. On Thursday I left Philadelphia for Baltimore, about 100 miles distant, and an uninteresting journey. The country is studded all over with populous small towns. The hotel to stay at in Baltimore is the Mount Vernon, at least, that is, if you remain only for a short time. The charges are enormous, 1*l.* a night for a dark bedroom, looking out on a blank wall, but the *cuisine* is quite perfect. I think it just as well to tell you all about the hotels, in case you ever journey over the same route. There are many pretty drives about Baltimore. The City Hall is one of the finest buildings I ever saw, but neither at Baltimore nor at Philadelphia could I get photographs of the city. They are built in such a position that it is impossible to get views of them. The Washington Monument is a splendid column, but Baltimore has not many sights, and so much the better, say I. It is impossible to take in all one sees. On Friday I went on to Washington—about an hour's journey from Baltimore. It was snowing and raining when I left there, but when I got to Washington the sun was shining, and it was comparatively warm, so Friday afternoon I devoted to the minor public buildings and various interesting sights. At night I went to see Mr. and Mrs. Florence (celebrated American actors) in their principal play the "Mighty Dollar," and they were most excellent. The great amusement seemed to be caused by the errors perpetrated by Mrs. Florence, and reminded me of a certain lady in Europe, not to be more particular, who has been known to make similar mistakes. In answer to questions, Mrs. Florence is made to say, "when we were abroad we often met the *Dardanelles*, we drove with them once or twice," and "the *tooth-*

combs, to be sure, we went all over them at Berlin," and when asked if she was in love with some one, she replied that she "would follow him from Alpha to *Omaha*." Other atrocities were committed, and certainly, weak as you may think me, I was amused. On Saturday morning, I went to the Capitol, which has to be seen to be understood. It is certainly very magnificent. The bronze doors at the entrance to the Rotunda are what first strike the visitor by their great beauty; they were designed by an American, but cast by Von Müller at Munich. The different designs all commemorate the history of Columbus, and the discovery of America. The whole building of the Capitol is of pure white marble, with the exception of the centre portion, which is so painted that at a distance you could not tell the difference. However, it is quite absurd my attempting to describe this building, which you must know about just as well as if you had seen it. In the afternoon I went to Mrs. Hayes' reception at the White House, and a most gracious and pleasant hostess she is. The house itself seems comfortable, but all very plain. The President unfortunately was not at home. At night I dined with Sir E. Thornton at the Legation. Lady Thornton is abroad, so the party consisted entirely of gentlemen, who all, with one exception, were either belonging to the foreign Legations, or members of the Government. I should imagine society in Washington was preferable to that of any other city in America (Boston perhaps excepted); so many foreign Legations being there, the different members make quite a society of themselves. I was out driving when General Schenck called upon me, and when I returned his visit he and his daughters happened to be from home, so I missed seeing them altogether. On Sunday night, the 6th January, I left Washington, and got back to New York on Monday morning. While at Washington I was advised

to stay at the Arlington Hotel, which was very comfortable, but, as is the case in all American Hotels, very expensive. During my first visit to New York in December, the weather was very fine, so I saw the city to great advantage. I was much surprised to find so grand a town, but it has the same dreadful drawback as all the other American cities that I have seen, and that is the shocking state of the streets. A few days ago intense cold set in, and I had one day's skating at Central Park, but the ice did not last, and now warm genial weather has again returned. Some of the "Stores" in New York are certainly very fine, and far superior to anything we have. Marshall and Snelgroves is the nearest approach to them. A. T. Stewart's is quite a sight to see, but all things in America are so very expensive, that foreigners never think of buying anything they can possibly do without. Mr. L—— wanted some gloves, and he had to pay 9*s.* a pair for them, and for a black dress suit he had to give £20, or 120$. The dress of the ladies is gorgeous, but very much overdone; in fact, in their attire, their houses, their carriages and horses, there is an outward show and display very repellant to our quiet ideas. It is perfectly marvellous to think where all the money can come from which enables the Americans to make such a show as they do, but I hear that all they make they spend, and save little or nothing, and that the amount of debt they get into, ladies especially, is something appalling. Householders keep very few servants, and economize in every possible manner, so as to spend their money on less useful, but more showy luxuries. With one exception I did not present any of my letters. I knew enough people already in New York, and it was quite clear to me that the society would not be to my taste. There are some wonderful customs, the chief of which is turning night into day as regards dress. At the theatres morning dress is worn, and yet

on occasions such as New Year's Day, all morning visits are paid in evening dress, and ladies got up in ball-dresses to receive their guests in rooms lit up as if it was night. Sometimes all the window-blinds are left up, and sometimes partly drawn down. Anything more incongruous you cannot imagine. This last New Year's Day was brilliant and sunshiny, and seeing so many lunatics driving and walking about in swallow-tails was quite depressing. Foreigners must surely confess that well-bred Americans, as we understand the word, are few and far between. Could you but see the display of diamonds, such as they are, you would be amused. People wear them as ear-rings all day and every day, no matter what the occasion, and a quantity of rings Almost every American woman wears a diamond ring on her first finger, and every style of dress and ornament is grossly exaggerated. The great social topic during my visit here has been the marriage of Mrs. Hicks. I called two or three times, but never saw her, and was much astonished to read in the papers of the ceremony. The affair had been kept so secret that every one was taken by surprise; the gallant bridegroom is eighty-three. The happy couple have not escaped the remarks of all the newspaper reporters, for the liberty of the press here is simply scandalous. The reporters come and ring your door-bell, and insist upon seeing you at any hour most convenient to them, sometimes at two a.m., and if you refuse to give them all the information they wish, they fill it up for themselves, so as to make their paper have a startling account of the occurrence, whatever it may be. One New York "Exquisite" did me the honour of paying me a visit on New Year's Day, and he told me he had had seventeen glasses of sherry, so I informed him directly that the eighteenth he would not get from me. I went to the theatre that night, and the number of men

(who consider themselves gentlemen) that I saw drunk in the streets was appalling. Men pay from one to two hundred visits, and at each house are offered something to eat and drink, so it is not to be wondered at, that they become intoxicated very early in the day. I am so sorry I have not been able to visit Boston, for from all I hear I should think it is in every way a city more congenial to the taste of a foreigner than this flashy town, but I am very desirous of sailing for Europe to-day in the "Britannic." I believe she is superior in every way to all the ships which sail between New York and Liverpool, with the exception of her twin-ship, the "Germanic," also of course belonging to the "White Star" Line. During both my visits to New York I have stayed at the Brevoort House, and words are wanting to tell you of the comfort of it. It is quite like a private house, and you have all the comforts of home. The *cuisine* is quite perfect, and the arrangements all solid, and at the same time luxurious, which is unusual, as the Americans and all belonging to them are very superficial. Mr. Waite, the popular proprietor, does all in his power to make his visitors feel as if they were at home, and he succeeds admirably. He is a most superior man; you never would find out he was an American. All the clerks, and every one connected with this delightful establishment, are as civil and obliging as possible. The frequenters of this hotel are all foreigners, who are much preferable to Americans. The only drawback that I can see to it is the expense, which is certainly alarming, but if you have any one else with you, it is not so bad, as being upon the continental plan you are allowed to divide all your portions of food, and the allowances they give for one are always enough for two. Almost all the waiters are foreigners, but still they have fallen into the dreadful habit of asking you if you have "*settled*" with that salt, or are you

"*through*" with your soup, and a few other frightful Yankeeisms, such as will you have your beef *rare*, &c., &c. The "Brunswick" is, I believe, another very good hotel on the European plan, and the "Windsor" on the American, but then these establishments are both very large, and patronized chiefly by Americans. In one of the fashionable papers of New York, I read one morning that Mrs. Smith gave an "elegant German" to her friends last night, with which they were much delighted. I was in doubt whether it was a human being or a pudding which had been thus sacrificed for their benefit, but upon inquiry I found it was the name of a dance something like our cotillion, but the whole entertainment consists in this one dance. Another expression frequently used is "*informal.*" You are asked to an "informal dance," or "informal dinner," whatever they may mean. An entertainment which seems to be popular in America is a "Surprise party." You read that the friends of Miss Jones gave her a "surprise party" last night, but as yet I have not met the man wise enough to explain what is the meaning of the word. Now that I am *through* with America, I "*guess*" I have had a "good time," but I cannot say the Americans are an "*elegant*" people. However, the country is comparatively a young one, and great changes for the better may be expected when it becomes more "*fixed.*" Many foreigners will agree with me, and in the language of the country, say "that's so."

LETTER XXII.

VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

12th to 22nd January, 1878.

"Sail on! sail on! ye stately ships,
And with your floating bridge the ocean span."

LONGFELLOW.

LONDON,
Tuesday, January 22nd, 1878.

THANK Heaven I have at last arrived here, and rejoice to find myself amongst civilized people once more. We left New York in the "Britannic" on Saturday, the 12th January, and arrived at Liverpool on Monday, the 21st, at twelve o'clock. The ship was not over crowded. I was not sick, for a wonder; and, so far as ships can be comfortable, certainly the "Britannic" was not wanting. She is over 5000 tons, and rolls very little. For five days we had the mildest weather, and a comparatively calm sea, which enabled us to leave our ports open. I most fortunately was able to secure one of the largest cabins, and it is well worth the extra price to have one of these big rooms all to yourself. The feeding upon the whole was excellent. I cannot say anything about the captain, as he never condescended to notice any of the passengers; but so long as he looked after the ship, it did not signify his not being quite the most genial man I had ever met. The smallest daily run we made was 336, and the longest 373 miles. Nearly all the passengers seemed uninteresting; but Mr. Edward Beckett-Denison came home in the "Britannic," so we fraternized. There was a grand concert one night on behalf of a Liverpool charity, and the result was most satisfactory; one amiable and obliging, but misguided youth, sang "The cork leg:" I would not have advised this well-known song on that